

Trouble in
tourist Paradise

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 23, 1981

\$1.00

PROMISES, PROMISES

BUT WILL REAGAN
DELIVER ?



Just a pipe dream

I must register my protest to your article *The Day They Turn It Off* (Cover, March 3) on Alberta crude oil exports. I found the report full of editorial sensationalism. While calling for "good bonds in a period of hot passions," your article did little for the cause by speculating about the "sabotage of oil facilities" and pondering the possibility of Central Canada stepping in to "seize control of oil delivery from Alberta."

—JOHN BATHUR
Calgary

In your major article on the oil industry, it was stated that SOVA Corporation spent \$2 million on a new logo developed by an American design firm. This is absolutely incorrect. SOVA's logo was designed by a Vancouver agency several years ago and has not been changed. The \$2 million referred to was the cost to SOVA to produce and advertise its new name in print and on TV. All design work was done by Canadians with the advertising dollars going to Canadian companies such as Maclean's. We have never gone outside Canada for such work because that element of Canadian business is extremely important.

—FRANKIE HALL
Senior Vice-President
SOVA Corporation,
Calgary

Maclean's

THE DAY
ALBERTA
TURNS OFF
THE OIL

Coverline of debate: oil nationalization?

Once bitten, twice shy

We in the Miss World Canada organization strongly feel that we were unfairly treated in Barbara Amiel's biased article *1 Not-so-pretty Toller Crashes for Miss World Canada* (October, Oct. 13). Our

Correction

The editorial in the March 16 issue stated that Kinnon took a third of its profits in the third quarter of 1979 from *Jupia* Ltd. In fact, Kinnon's profit for the quarter was \$1.25 billion and the Canadian subsidiary's profit for the equivalent three months was \$124 million. Maclean's regrets this error.

organization, while having had some problems with a rain-delayed program of our debut show, endeavored to present a beauty and personality show of the highest order, representative of contemporary Canadian womanhood. Ms. Amiel, with her meagre style of reasoning, seemed to delight in wildly misrepresenting the case. Needless to say, the Amiel's association with our program was unfortunate. ... a mistake we are ardently to repeat.

—JOHN RICH STEWART, CHAIRMAN
President,
Miss World Canada
Corporation
Ottawa

A one-time affair

I read with interest your article *Excavations of the Euphrates and the Tigris* (Archaeology, March 2). The quality of a consultant's work will always be in doubt as long as he is mainly answerable to his client. I feel that contract archaeology should be monitored by a neutral agent working under a strict set of guidelines that cover excavation, reportage and publication. A site can only be dug once, mistakes and omissions cannot be corrected. Your statement that archaeologists take "radiocarbon dates on stone tools" is incorrect. Radiocarbon dates may only be taken on organic material.

—JAMES TURNER, JONES
Curator, Kinnon
Centennial Museum,
Kinnon, B.C.

PASSAGES



DIED Joe Chrydale, 65, after a series of heart attacks, in Mississauga, Ont. Known as the Voice of Baseball for his broadcasts of the defunct Toronto Maple Leafs baseball games, Chrydale started as a dice jockey in 1946 in Hamilton, Ont. Later he moved to Toronto's casino, where he gained his fame for his ability to reconstruct road games in the studio from a color-tape rundown of the play.

DIED Jon Grady, 74, artist-host of the popular *Let's Learn to Draw TV* series, in Myrtle, Calif. Grady, a self-taught artist, showed a generation how to draw with just a pencil, a square and a triangle through his kits and syndicated TV series of the 1940s to 1960s.

ENGAGED Former Alabama governor George Wallace, 61, to Lisa Taylor, 35, of Jasper, Ala., a wealthy oil-rustle operator's daughter and former country

and western singer. Wallace's first wife, Governor Lurleen Walker, died in office in 1968. He was divorced from his second wife, Cornelia, in 1976, six years after an assassination attempt paralyzed him from the waist down.

DIED James Arthur Chamberlin, 65, Kamloops, B.C., engineer who earned the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's gold medal for his concept and design of the Gemini space program, in Wellesley, Tex. Chamberlin was the chief engineer for the ill-fated Avro Arrow aircraft which was cancelled by the government of John Diefenbaker in 1959.



DIED Kiril Kondrashin, 67, at a heart attack in Amsterdam. One of the Soviet Union's foremost conductors, he defected to the West in 1978 because he felt his artistic capabilities were cramped. During his Western years, he was to become conductor of the renowned Concertgebouw

Orchestra in Amsterdam and emceed their last digital series, *Duo*, on the New World Spoken.



DIED Sir Maurice Oldfield, 68, former chief of the British secret service MI6, the model for M in Ian Fleming's *James Bond* series and for John Le Carré's *George Smiley*, after a lengthy illness. Sir Oldfield worked under double agent Kim Philby during the Second World War and for 12 years was known as "G" (Control). His final assignment was in 1973 when he was pulled from retirement to become security policy coordinator in Northern Ireland after bomb assassinations of Lord Louis Mountbatten.

DIED Michel Dugan, 35, found shot to death in the trunk of a car in west-end Montreal. Connected in 1975 of a \$200,000 fraud involving the Royal Bank of Canada in Canada, Ireland and England, he had been paroled in 1973.

On January 1, 42,000 Confederation Life policyholders received \$17 million in additional protection... absolutely free!



Confederation Life did something virtually unparalleled in the Canadian life insurance industry. We made a lump sum increase in the protection provided by certain participating policies on which life spans have been longer and investment experience greater than we anticipated.

Considering what inflation has done, we felt the best way to share these favourable mortality and investment results was to increase the insurance protection on these policies at no extra cost. Some 42,000 of our policyholders who have maintained their coverage with us for over 20 years benefited. Most received a 20% increase in the amount of their insurance.

This program was in addition to a second increase in dividend scales for a wide range of our Canadian policies last year. Confederation Life will continue to seek new and imaginative ways to serve our policyholders.

Confederation Life
INSURANCE COMPANY

300 Water Street East
Toronto, Ontario
M5A 4G5
OFFICE CLOSING TO OCCUR IN CANADA

The errors of our ways

I would like to thank writer Suzanne Bouvier and *Maclean's* for your article *No Exit for Eskimos* (Canada, Feb. 16). However, I would like to point out a couple of errors. First, Estevan is 300 km from Edmonton, not 30 km as stated. Secondly, the station with your article named the person behind the store counter as Warren Hall, whereas it is his sister, Heather Hall. For those of us who have lived in Estevan, the unique blend of Rocky Mountain beauty, history and tranquillity will always have a special place in our hearts. Unfortunately, the peace in Estevan is shadowed by the constant fear that it will end under the blade of a bulldozer.

—DEBORAH HARTY
Edmonton

A literary leap

I would like to congratulate *Maclean's* on its recent roundup of new Canadian novels (*Fiction From Coast to Coast*, Books, Feb. 28). Aside from my obvious delight in being reviewed in Canada's national newspaper, I think you performed a valuable service to readers with both the sweep and quality of the article. In these hardly heroic days of reviewing, it is heartening to see Canadian cultural identity given voice in a national magazine of mass circulation, and not just in daily newspapers or literary journals. Your feature set an example that should be followed. The quality was excellent and the article was of more than narrow literary importance.

—TET KELLY
Toronto

SUBSCRIBERS' MOVING NOTICE

Send correspondence to *Maclean's*, Box 1000
Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1Z8.

NAME	NAME	NAME	NAME	NAME	NAME
Address	Address	Address	Address	Address	Address
City	City	City	City	City	City
Province	Province	Province	Province	Province	Province
Postal Code	Postal Code	Postal Code	Postal Code	Postal Code	Postal Code

ATTACH OLD ADDRESS LABEL HERE
AND MAIL IMMEDIATELY!

I have indicated to *Maclean's* and/or *PLUS* and/or *ANTRON* my new home information in and



Bouvier's generation: constant fear

A war of words

I am disappointed with your article *Playing Tricks on a Blind Man* (Canada, Feb. 25). I am not convinced that this level of reporting serves the cause of the natives in Canada and, in particular, the Inuit. In October, 1978, the government signed an Agreement in Principle with the Committee for Original Peoples Entitlement (COPE). We are presently engaged in translating these concepts into a final agreement. Both parties have named concerns that have to be addressed in the spirit of good faith and take at the negotiating table. The Hon. John Munro, minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, has repeatedly stated to COPE and to the public that the federal government is committed to negotiate toward a final settlement of the Inuit's claim on the basis of the Agreement in Principle. The inference that the federal government is not fully dedicated to the achievement of a just and equitable settlement certainly does not reflect the care and effort that it has devoted and will continue to devote to that end.

—DAVID DEBES
Executive Director, Office of Native Claims, Indian and Northern Affairs, Ottawa

As a witness to the signing of the Agreement in Principle between the federal government and the people of the Muskeg Delta area, I am appalled that the facts have been down. How dare these know-nothings at Indian Affairs change the rules again, more than halfway through the game. I swear they change ministers so often just to keep all the land-claims negotiations off-balance. I suppose it has been said before, but I really think the only reason land claims are being dealt with now is that

the big-money guys are interested in what used to be considered the frozen wastes. Hang in there, Sam Raddi. Don't let their crops in Ottawa wear you down.

—ANNE RANDOLPH
La Ronge, Sask.

The real losers

One point deserves to be added to Judith Kashtrom's crap article on independent schools (*Is Public Withdrawal Into the Private*, Education, Feb. 28). The strongest demand for places at this school and others like it, in my experience, does not come from youngsters who need "strong discipline," but from eager, ambitious boys and girls who have been bored or turned off in school by soft courses and flabby marking. It's tragic that some youngsters "need discipline"; it is far more tragic that so many able young Canadians are cheated of the opportunity to be challenged, to work hard, or to tackle courses that will stimulate and stretch their minds. All Canadians are the losers when keen youngsters are robbed of the chance to develop their talents to the full.

—JOHN SCOTT
Headmaster, St. Michael's University School, Victoria, B.C.

A question of trust

In your article *Rin Trudea and Casagorson* (Canada, Feb. 16), Pierre Trudeau is quoted as saying, "It is for the Canadian people to judge what we are doing." How are we to properly judge the issue when the prime minister has lied to us about what was actually said with Benoit officials? President Richard Nixon had to resign because he lied to the American people. Should we expect less? That issue was not so important as our constitution. I do not believe that Pierre Trudeau can be trusted as the issue of a constitution. He does not want the people of Canada to decide. He wants to decide for us.

—HERMAN SCHWENK
Coronation, Alta.

A dubious distinction

Your article *The View From Canada's Highest Peaks* (Profile, Feb. 23) as Ed Schreyer highlighted how sad it is to see a man who was once a successful, active politician turned into the reigning custodian of a political limbo. To say that Schreyer performs well in his job as royal scepter is a dubious honour indeed.

—RICHARD J. MCGOWAN
Cartier, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be continued. Writers should supply their full name and address and send correspondence to *Letters to the Editor*, *Maclean's*, 245 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5H 1A7.



When your carpet looks new, but it's not... you've got the ANTRON® ADVANTAGE.

Carpeting of ANTRON nylon looks beautiful the day you put it down... and keeps on looking new and beautiful for a long time to come.

ANTRON III nylon is Canada's best-selling carpet fibre brand for good reason. Its amazing ability to resist and hide soil, its resistance to crushing and matting, and its lasting static protection all add up to carpet fibre beauty that lasts and lasts. And now there's a new ANTRON fibre ANTRON

PLUS. ANTRON PLUS nylon has the attributes of ANTRON III. ANTRON PLUS offers the best, and most durable, resistance to staining and soiling of any nylon carpet fibre on the market.

So when you're choosing carpet be sure to take advantage of all the advantages of ANTRON. Get carpeting of ANTRON III or ANTRON PLUS. Get the Antron Advantage.

© 1987, by the DuPont Canada Inc. Registered Trademark



Give us a chance to be equals

'It's an enormous jump from snowshoes to satellite communications'

By David Porter

Colonial governments. Pipelines, natural resource exploitation, racism, loss of rights, culture and land. Northern native peoples, the Inuit of the Arctic, Dene of the Mackenzie Valley and the Yukon Indians face relentless erosion of their aboriginal rights by a dominant society. We spend our lives defending our culture from the ravages of so-called progress. It's a mighty struggle, and many more days than we lose. But on this one occasion, we might just turn the tide. The Council for Yukon Indians (CYI) and the Dene Nation have jointly applied to the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) for a licence to operate a radio broadcasting network and to produce television programming in the Far North. It's the first step in a comprehensive communications initiative leading, ultimately, to what we hope will be a television channel devoted exclusively to native programming.

In this historic collaboration, the CYI and the Dene Nation represent all Indians, status and non-status, north of the 60th parallel. Our application calls for technology, facilities and programming that will originate in the North, as well as provide unprecedented communication from one northern community to another. We have applied for a graduated program of communications development. The first phase would involve a complete radio service, with native-language commentary, local control and community-to-community radio trips. Every issue important to our people could be discussed through those radio conferences. What the South takes for granted, the North would finally obtain.

In the second phase, we hope to introduce several hours of original prime-time TV programming and, in the third phase, our own television channel. As things now stand, the CRTC has indicated that it cannot provide the required services. Nor did the 11 commercial applicants who appeared before the CRTC propose a plan sufficiently comprehensive to include such services. Yet it is surely obvious that any proposal that lacks northern orientation—which lacks a specifically northern focus—is simply a proposal to further extend the domain of southern television over the North.

So at last month's CRTC hearings in Ottawa we sought additional guarantees. We demanded certain conditions of any commercial operators who would be bringing services to our communities. And the conditions are pretty explicit. They include our control over which programming and communications services will be brought into the North, guarantees of training courses for our people, some prime time on commercial channels devoted to native programming and some of the technical facilities to make it all possible. In other words, it will take partnership if the

grandly ambitious scheme of serving the North is to work. The role of ensuring that the individual communities will actively receive programs, my programs, can only be filled by the mutual co-operation of government, commercial applicants and the Council for Yukon Indians/Dene Nation.

Admittedly, the more than 46,000 northern native people in the Yukon and Northwest Territories represent only a small section of the population of this nation or of that will benefit from the extension of service. But our people need to be seen as a primary beneficiary—a communications infrastructure is critical to our social and economic development. Without the ability to receive radio and television programming, or to communicate among the communities themselves, entire areas remain isolated, discriminated against, underdeveloped and under-served.

But above all, such technological development can never succeed unless it is adapted to the culture and needs of the people to be served. Our people are at a crossroads. On one hand, we are the product of a rich and ancient culture. On the other, we are forcibly determined by a modern society. The struggle is visceral, the direction taken is crucial.

The CRTC issued a challenge to native people to get involved and we answered that challenge. We want to learn and to develop with this new communications technology, but we must also safeguard our culture. There can be no sacrifice of one for the other. We know of one for the other. We know that it's an enormous jump to go from snowshoes to satellite communications. Chief Dan George said it well: "If you have travelled far, I have travelled further. To go from the age of bows and arrows to people walking on the moon is a very, very long way."

We have never said that we're not willing to make changes. We seek to make things better for our people, but the acceptance of modern ways shouldn't mean eradicating our identity. We are more than willing to welcome the new communications technology, and we will make a thoughtful contribution to its development. We're neither degenerate nor inflexible, but the needs and strengths and wishes of our people must be central. In today's highly competitive world, no one can afford the qualities of silence—we need to build bridges of understanding.

So far we have survived by adapting to our surroundings, and we will continue to survive. In the past we applied our creativity and skills to surviving in the harsh North. We are confident of living by balancing the demand of our environment with our need to survive. But the core of this adaptation is to seek equality with the world around us. We must not be denied this opportunity.

David Porter of Whitehorse is vice-chairman of the Council for Yukon Indians.



Morgan White.
COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.





DATeline: ISRAEL

The West Bank settlers dig in their heels

Their removal may be the price Israel pays for peace

By Eric Silver

Kedumim is a lonely Jewish outpost located within the perimeter of a military camp 30 km west of Nablus, the largest of the West Bank Arab towns. The outpost contains largely of rows of prefabricated temporary bungalows strung along the contours of the rocky hillside, but it is home to 135 families and 500 yeshiva (Talmudic secondary) students.

Kedumim is the flagship of the Gush Ezerim settlement movement, a persistent group of Jews determined to settle in Samaria, the ancient name for the northern region of the West Bank. Under a variety of names on a variety of sites, the founding nucleus of religious-nationalist settlers defied Israel's last Labor government eight times in their determination to remain on the occupied West Bank. Seven times, former prime minister Yitzhak Rabin's administration reaffirmed its policy of keeping Israelis out of the populated Arab areas, which it hoped one day to return to Arab rule, and forced the evacuation of the settlements. The eighth time, in December, 1975, the army command advised the prime minister that because too many sympathizers had joined them, the settlers could not be

removed without bloodshed. Rabin gave way, and Kedumim was launched.

Five years later, the settlers are beseeching themselves for the return of another Labor government, convinced, this time, to "territorialize our presence" with King Hussein of Jordan. Labor leader Shimon Peres talks of leaving the settlers where they are, even if civil unrest leaves them under Arab sovereignty. Nonetheless, his prospective foreign minister, Abba Eban, prefers to keep a Labor government's prerogative of following Menachem Begin's Sinai precedent and evacuate settlements if this is the price Israel has to pay for peace.

Israel has to pay for peace. Labor has, of course, still to win the June 30 general election, and Peres has still to prove that he can entice Hussein into negotiation. However, the prospect of a Labor government—unanimously predicted by the

West Bank settlement times are tense

opinion poll—does not yet share the West Bank settlers, but it has increased their sense of urgency.

The 34,000 Jewish settlers have not changed the Arab character of the landscape. Their settlements remain small and remote among the older towns and villages with their total population of 180,000 Palestinians. The number of Jewish families is barely 3,000, with a high ratio of children to adults.

The settlers, for the most part, have already staked out their positions. "We are not tentily frightened of Shimon Peres," says Baruch Rubinek, a retired American rabbi and veteran Zionist hawk. "It will be easier for us to fight off any of Peres' weaknesses than it was to fight off those of Begin. Begin's posture disarmed us."

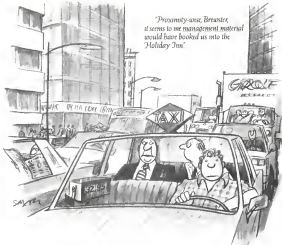
Israel Harel, chairman of the West Bank and Gush Ezerim Council, predicts that if Samaria were handed back to the Arabs most of the settlers would stay. "We are an avant-garde. We might even be reinforced." If it came to evacuation, Harel foresees "those who would accept orders from a government, some who would resist passively, and also some who would resist actively. It can start with civil disobedience and can end with shooting," says Harel. "If the government orders the police or the army to remove us by force, I can see an element in various settlements—I don't know how big it is—who will say that no government has the right to evacuate the heart of Eretz Yisrael [the ancient land of Israel] and that we should resist with all means."

Rabbi Rubinek, who at 66 looks like a Jewish Red Sox fan, has no doubt which

side he would be on. "I would fight against anybody who tries to take me off my land," he says. "Whether they be foreigners or soldiers within my own people. No one pushes me off my land if they tried to remove us, it would result in civil war. The vast majority of Jews in Israel, who are against giving up Judea and Samaria [the West Bank], would support us." The risk is real enough. Most males on the 68 West Bank settlements are reserve soldiers. Many have combat experience in elite paratroop units, serve as officers. Every household has a sub-machine-gun in the closet. In Kedumim a man-



Area map, new sense of urgency



Holiday Inn is closer to where the action is in business.

Holiday Inn has more than 60 hotels across Canada. So it's more than likely we've got one just where you need one. And it's, probably, within minutes of your clients. All our hotels feature the same famous standards, to make you feel comfortable and pleasantly welcome.

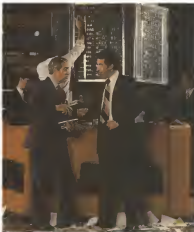
As a business traveller,

you will also appreciate numerous extra-special features. Like free guest parking, spacious conference rooms, special corporate and group rates, seminar packages, and InnerCircle® membership.

Next business trip, stay with Holiday Inn. Because we're closer to the action.

Holiday Inn®
Number One in people pleasing.

For reservations, call toll-free: In British Columbia and Alberta, 1-(800)-268-8811; in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes, 1-(800)-268-8980; in Toronto, 486-6400; in Montreal, 878-4321; your nearest Holiday Inn or your travel agent.



jury of the women have also served in the army.

But even in militant Kotelam, the settlers are divided on how far they would resort if it came to enforced evacuation on the orders of a democratically elected Israeli government. The battlefield creates its own inhibitions. "If this area is returned to Jordan," Shmuel Mendelsohn, a 32-year-old settler, explains, "I will stay. It is more important to live in the land of Israel than under Jewish sovereignty. If ordered to leave, I would refuse. They will have to take me by force. But I won't use a weapon. I have been a soldier, I know about war. It is not so easy to shoot to kill, even when it is an enemy. I would certainly not shoot to kill a fellow Jew." Another settler, who preferred not to be identified, adds, "In the end I would go back to Tel Aviv. The unity of the nation is more important for me than the unity of Ezer Yisrael."

At Ariel, a secular new town founded by right-wing Labor supporters west of the main Ramatallah-Nablas road, the surroundings are even more open. British-born Patricia Carmel, a 33-year-old mother of three, ridicules the very idea that Jews would ever reach the point of challenging the settlers to stay under Jordan. "We don't want to live in the diaspora [exile] in Ezer Yisrael," she argues. Her husband, Nahum, who travels the 58 km daily to work at Ben-Gurion International Airport, confirms. "We settled here because we

Paras: public paras is empty



"I'll tell you why my gold coins are Canadian."

"I asked myself two basic questions. Could I afford not to have gold as part of my investment portfolio, then, having made that decision, which gold coins should I buy?"

Canada's Gold Maple Leaf is exactly one troy ounce of pure gold. I know the true value of my investment daily, based on the world gold price published in newspapers and I can sell them just as easily as I bought them. Plus I found out that there are significantly higher premiums for smaller size coins offered by other countries.

I also found out that although some of the most popular coins contained an ounce of gold like the Maple Leaf, they also contained some non-precious metal. Now I'm a purist, and if I'm buying gold I want coins that are the real thing... pure and simple."

Your Gold Maple Leaf is waiting now at The Bank of Nova Scotia, selected banks, trust companies, brokerage houses and coin dealers.



Canada
Bank of Nova Scotia
selected banks

Canada's Gold Maple Leaf.
Gold, pure and simple.



conservation concepts: the importance of knowing what goes where.

Most of us have many appliances around the house. Some of them use more energy than others. One of the best ways to use electricity wisely is to be especially aware of the big energy users.

For example, making sure there is a full load before turning on dishwashers, washers and dryers, can save a lot. Keeping all electrical appliances cleaned-up and tuned-up is another important conservation concept.

Electricity has a lot of work to do for us today. It's too valuable to waste. So, check the list below, to help you know where the power goes and where important savings can be made.

Appliance	Average Wattage	Monthly Kilowatt Hours (Approximate)	Approx. Monthly Cost
Block Heater	500	240	\$4.60
Clothes Dryer	4,600	60	3.25
Clothes Washer (automatic) (hot water not included)	500	8	.32
Dishwasher (hot water not included)	1,200	16	.72
Freezer (15 cu ft)	295	75	3.00
Freezer (15 cu ft) frost free	425	90	3.60
Furnace (oil, gas or coal)	250	100	4.00
Furnace (oil burner)	290	50	2.00
Oven (electric)	1,450	22	.68
Range (electric)	1,250	100	4.00
Refrigerator (12 cu ft)	200	100	4.00
Refrigerator/Freezer (12 cu ft) (frost free)	500	150	6.00
Room Air Conditioner (5,000 btu per hour)	1,000	400	24.00 (24 season)
Room Air Conditioner (9,000 btu per hour)	1,400	560	33.60 (24 season)
Television - Black & White	200	30	1.20
Television - Colour	330	40	1.60
Water Heater	3,000	500	20.00

When you're buying new appliances, check the Energuide ratings to see how energy efficient they are. All refrigerators, freezers, dishwashers, clothes washers and ranges leaving the factory carry the label. The Energuide label makes it easy to select from among comparable appliance models the one which uses the least

electricity. It really does pay to compare.

For your free poster on "how you use the electricity you use"

please write to:
Ontario Hydro
Energy Conservation Dept.
620 University Ave.
Toronto, Ontario M5G 1X8



*Monthly cost based on the average cost per kWh of \$9 for Ontario residential customers

...here people from everywhere through the streets in friendly tavernas strangers greet and sip the nectars the gods have sipped in the shadow of the Acropolis

GREECE

An invitation



Special National Tour of Greece, October 15-21, 1984. Visit Athens, Sparta, Delphi, Mycenae, P.O. 1036-703

think this is the heart of Eretz Yisrael. No government can reach an agreement on the disposition of this land without a referendum. I would campaign to influence public opinion and I would not accept the result as a final word." However, Nahson Caracul's resistance would stop short of violence. "Should any group of people see fit to set up an army that would not answer to the government of Israel, I would go out and fight it. We are a long way from the Altalena [the 1948 Eretz Yisrael army ship that was sunk in 1948 by order of Israel's first prime minister, David Ben-Gurion]. But I would resist passively."



Life in the Jewish settlements: making the best of primitive conditions



see it as a tragedy that talk like this should even arise."

But four years of Likud party rule have doubled the number of settlements and made the problem much more difficult. It would be much harder now to repatriate Palestine along simple geographic or security lines. In the remaining few months of the Begin term, Settlements Minister Ariel Sharon is aiming to reinforce his achievement. He plans to establish 10 new settlements, announced by Prime Minister Begin as the Likud party's final flag, and to build 5,000 permanent homes in three existing settlements, Karnei Shomron,

Khanas and Shavei Shomron.

The settlers wish huge success, but experience has taught them to dole out governments, however sympathetic to their cause. Permanent housing cannot go up overnight, especially when the public purse is empty and the government's checking budget is all red in its war against 135 per cent inflation. An overwhelming proportion of the present settlers are still living in temporary accommodation. In Ofra, the first of the Gush Etzion (block of the faithful) villages, 50 permanent red-roofed bungalows are almost ready; 40 two-story terraced houses have been finished in

Ariel and 45 in Beit. Another 40 are on the way in Shavei Shomron.

Given, north of Jerusalem, highlights the gap between aspiration and performance. It was slated as a Jewish new town by the last Labor government. Three hundred settlers from Begin's Herut movement have been waiting there for 3½ years in primitive conditions, but the government has still not started permanent building. Early this year they took the law into their own hands to try and force Ariel Sharon's hand by setting up a tent camp on a blimp site designated for them. "If Sharon had a budget," suggested Israel Flard, chairman of the Settlements Council, "he could do something. But he does not have a budget and he doesn't control the housing ministry."

Sharon is, however, making a real effort to appease the settlers. During the past six months, he has forced Palestinian resettlement by using a record 4,000 acres of disputed land for settlements. Even if a new Labor government manages to avoid bloody confrontations with the Jews, it may still need the right policy to keep the Arabs in line. ☐

"Our Wiser's DeLuxe.
We age it 10 full years. That's longer than Canada's two best known whiskies. But we think quality is something you just can't rush."

Our Master Blender, Keith Baldwin, has been with us for more than three decades. He makes sure that Wiser's DeLuxe is mellowed for 10 full years in these charred oak barrels—to create the smoothest tasting whisky we know how to make.

5 MIN.



The fastest way to get to Oregonde Hall from your new offices in The Atrium on Bay is to walk.

In just five minutes, through Nathan Phillips Square, you'll arrive at the famous ornamental fence that surrounds this venerable bastion of the Law Society of Upper Canada.

The Atrium on Bay is right on Bay Street and convenient to everywhere in downtown

Toronto but there's much more. The Atrium on Bay is unlike any other office building in North America. It is a well

designed low rise working environment.



of landscaped atriums, spectacular interior views and unheated of 85,000 square foot single floor areas.

The Atrium on Bay is the newest link in Toronto's underground walkway and transportation system and is one of the most energy efficient buildings ever built.

It all adds up to a sensational new location for your professional offices. We host our own

For leasing information call 593-6795

The Atrium on Bay

What you get is worth the walk.

very short

A joint venture development of The Atrium Limited and Torco Building Ltd.

THIS CANADA

Athabasca on their minds

A \$32-million move has shaken the academic community

By Wayne Kirne

As Thomas Carlyle, the 19th-century historian and essayist, a true university was simply "a collection of books," to Edward, it was "a place of light, of liberty, and of learning." Clearly neither of them ever considered university life in Athabasca, Alta. No one had, for that matter, until a year ago when the Alberta government announced that Athabasca University—an Edmonton-based "distance" university, otherwise known as a degree-granting correspondence institution—would, by the end of 1984, move lock, stock and 150 faculty and staff to its namesake, Athabasca (pop. 1,800), 140 km north of Edmonton.

For a while, looking up from correcting 3,300 students' papers in three scattered office buildings that constitute the Athabasca U. Edmonton campus, the faculty assumed the

predict the relocation would destroy the university. Several resigned while others held their time, waited for substitutes or looked for other jobs. Somewhere it all seemed positive.

And suddenly government found its bag full with a media embarrassment that put the "hell no" faculty against government and the sovereignty of Athabasca. "We battled for stand and won," claims Athabasca's Director of Presentative Social Services Mike Murphy. Murphy and his town committee over-ruled 32 other Alberta towns to "get" the university. "Athabasca was going to move anyway," he says. "We just worked harder." It helps to understand that when Murphy went into the future, he saw Athabasca becoming an Oxford of the northern Alberta parkland running on the Athabasca River, reaching Spencer and striding head in misted hand across the sylvan canyon, and so on.

But Athabasca, as it is now, is not the sort of place that fuels the fires of academia. The town has no substitute for the library and technical services now available at Edmonton's University of Alberta. There are no large shopping centres, no French-immersion classes for children, no Citadel Theatre, no Oilers, Oilers or Oilers. Housing in Athabasca is expensive and scarce. "It would be a great place for avid readers because that's all there is to do at night," says Larry Ferguson, the former head of Athabasca U.'s administrative studies program. Ferguson can see a huge adjustment problem between free-thinking university types and the "not very progressive" town people loitering in the distance—a town vs. gown scenario.

For their own part, 1,364 freshly installed faculty argue that their town, a 90-minute drive from Edmonton, has all the facilities — art and drama societies, 350,000 indoor swimming pool, parks and a new \$600,000 performing arts complex — any correspondence professor could ask for. "We've got locks," says Murphy.

Why all this had to happen in the first place can be traced to what's becoming typical Loughheed administration fiascos. What little prior consulta-



Town of Athabasca (left), Mike Murphy (above), Allen Pentak (below). "We're not locks."

Loughheed government was leading The university, after all, had always been something of an educational wild, having been created by the Social Credit government in the late 1960s and then surgically altered into a correspondence school by the Loughheed administration. But the nervous laughter died when, in January, a report that proved the move to the remote countryside would cost \$32 million and would increase operating costs by a third was actually endorsed by the university's governing council. "I think the decision took a long time to sink in because it was so irrational," explains Alvin Pentak, president of the university's faculty association. "People couldn't believe it was happening." Faculty members began to



Athabasca University

A York Heat Pump to keep me cool?



Absolutely. Not only is a heat pump the most efficient heating system available today, it also provides central air conditioning. Just one of the many facts in George Dalgleish's FREE booklet **"HEAT PUMPS: A PRACTICAL GUIDE"**. Everything you should know about the heat pump—explained in terms everybody can understand. With fuel prices skyrocketing and the future of our energy resources uncertain, you simply can't afford to overlook this most important climate control breakthrough in years.

"HEAT PUMPS" is a factual, well-informed look at a proven way to save energy and money. In it Dalgleish explains how a heat pump can extract heat from the cold air outside, even at freezing temperatures, and use it to help heat your house.

It that sounds confusing, try this test: Hold your hand above the coils behind your refrigerator. Feel that heat? That's heat that was removed from inside your cold refrigerator. The heat pump does the same thing—and saves energy dollars while doing it. In summer, it reverses to provide air conditioning.

Replacing your present furnace, a York Champion Heat Pump can cut your heating costs as much as 25% or more* if you currently heat with gas. If you heat with oil or electricity, your savings can exceed 50%.



Yes, I'd like to receive a free copy of George Dalgleish's "HEAT PUMPS" at no obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City/Town/Province _____

Code _____

YORK Heating and Air Conditioning



YORK GREEN WARMER (SAKASHI) LIMITED
1000 WILSON AVE. #111
WILSON, ONTARIO
L7R 3E3

*BASED ON 1980-1981 ENERGY COSTS
OF THE ENERGY COMMISSION OF CANADA

50%*. And what's more, if you're not the user, the Federal Government has offered to pay up to \$800 in most parts of Canada if you convert.

But in case you're not quite ready to replace your present furnace, York can still help you. With the MicroMax add-on heat pump, it retains your present fuel source for supplemental heat and the savings can be almost the same as with the Champion air electric system*. And for all users, the government grants still apply.

The basis of the efficiency and reliability of York Heat Pumps is the 5040 state-of-the-art York Computer Control.



It monitors 15 vital functions. One of them is York's exclusive Demand Defrost, the most energy efficient defrost system for heat pumps.

York Heat Pumps save you energy and money. Let us prove it. Get a complete coupon below, mail it to York and your FREE copy of "HEAT PUMPS" is on its way. And there's no obligation.

*Based on 1980-1981 energy costs of gas and relative fuel costs in your area.

ness there was over the details of the move took place between Advanced Edmonton Minister James Horne and the university's department and the university's governing council. But it wasn't the governing council that was to be relocated. "When Horne said to me about the move, I thought he was pulling my leg," says Sam Smith, Athabasca's co-president. Smith threw in the towel a week after having the government's fast acceptance popped on him during a breakfast meeting with Horne. Thirty minutes after breakfast, Horne held a press conference and announced that Athabasca U. would be moving. Very, very diplomatically. But hard-man Horne makes no apologies for the government's decision, one in keeping with its heavy-handed policy of "balanced regional growth"—taking from Calgary and Edmonton and giving to the towns. The province's leader of last resort, the Alberta Opportunity Company, was recently moved to Ponoka (pop. 4,574), while a branch of the experimental department was set up in Vegreville (pop. 4,325). The Hail and Crop Insurance Corporation moved to Lacombe (pop. 3,218). Last October, David King, the province's minister of education, slammed 300 teachers and staff of Alberta's largest school—the 22,000-student Alberta Correspondence School (ACS)—by informing them that at a price of \$15 million, ACS would be moved 90 km north from Edmonton to the community of Barrhead, (pop. 3,500). About 74 per cent of ACS' instructors have said they won't go.

Underneath all the theoretical talk about "balance," the long-headed administration appears to be playing chicken with people's lives—and raising economic gifts on little towns—to shore up political weak spots. A strong anti-Conservative stance in Athabasca in the last federal election by Liberal Chuck Knights sparks the observation that "If the seat had gone Liberal, the government would have put nothing in that riding." And finally enough, the ACS move was announced after Liberal leader Rick Taylor came within 588 votes in a by-election of knocking off PC candidate Ken Kowalski. It all makes for a lot of cynics. "People who want 'goodies,'" says Pined, "should get together and arrange it so they elect a Tory but give enough votes to the Opposition to save the government."

Meanwhile, intramural faculty at both ACS and Athabasca are forced to explain, when asked what difference it makes where a correspondence school is located, that the cultural and intellectual interplay is a very weak for better teachers. Even Goss, who has never agreed that for the intellectual life, some parts of Goss's country are better than others. ☐



we're going to see the other side of the world. As soon as the kids are grown. Or after retirement. Or maybe after that.



Is that vacation of a lifetime really getting any closer? Or will you always have a wistful afterthought? It's really too bad, because the good values in air travel just might not be around next year. Your airline or travel agent can put you on a Boeing 747liner headed for your someday. Right this very day. Go, Boon. Before your someday turns into never.

BOEING
LET'S GO TOGETHER

CHATEAU HALIFAX.

If you claim a scintillating history you can keep your eye on the barometer at the Chateau Halifax. Ultra-modern, luxurious and friendly, the Chateau complements the charm of Canada's oldest seaport. Our direct access to Scotia Square puts shops, banking services and theatres right at your doorstep.

LE CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUÉBEC.

Surely nobody can claim to be more centred and more of a landmark in Quebec City than Le Chateau Frontenac. Its tilled turrets command the St. Lawrence with traditional splendour yet this remarkable hotel, newly restored, boasts the very finest modern facilities.

LE CHATEAU CHAMPLAIN, MONTRÉAL.

Montréal. The meeting of two cultures in a truly cosmopolitan, sophisticated and exciting city. And at centre stage: Le Chateau Champlain, elegant, luxurious and distinctive.

This superb hotel offers the visitor fine dining, coherent entertainment, magnificent views and warm hospitality.

ROYAL YORK, TORONTO.

At the Royal York you'll be well connected. Underground. To hundreds of fine shops and to the very heart of Toronto's business and financial district.

For entertainment and dining there are thirteen spots to choose from right in the hotel itself. And for total comfort in style, stay at one of the world's grand hotels.

CHATEAU AIRPORT, CALGARY.

At the Chateau Airport you can be unpacking your bags while others are still claiming theirs. Just a short stroll from your jet and you're there amidst lush green trees, blue waters and year round summers.

Convenience of a different colour. The excitement and energy of Calgary just radiates away when you need it.

CHATEAU LACOMBE, EDMONTON.

Large picture windows look down on the hotels mirrored in the North Saskatchewan River in the heart of Edmonton. But it's the greeting you'll find you remember at the Chateau Lacombe...and friendly people style. This luxurious hotel with its exciting rooftop revolving restaurant is a proud landmark in the city.

CLAIMS TO THE CITIES.

You arrive, claim your bags and now it's time to claim the city.


CP Hotels. We've been in business for over 90 years and if anyone has a claim on the business centres of Canada...it's us.

We understand your business needs with courteous service, complete facilities and key locations at the heart of most of Canada's major cities.

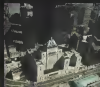
CP Hotels will welcome you at great city centre and resort properties across Canada and internationally.

Call your Travel Agent or
CP Hotels Reserve-A-Room. 1-800-268-9411.
Ontario & Québec, 1-800-268-9420.
Toronto, 361-1400.

CP Hotels

CP and  are registered trade marks of Canadian Pacific Limited.

Great places to stay across Canada and internationally: Banff, Brandon, Calgary (2), Edmonton, Halifax, Lake Louise, Montréal, Monrovia, Montreal, Newburgh, Québec, St. Andrew, Thunder Bay, Toronto, Vancouver, Victoria, Winnipeg, Yoho National Park.
Internationally: Frankfurt, Hamburg, Jerusalem, London, Madrid, New York, Philadelphia.



Stow
away
for a
few days!



P Lawson Travel
makes it easy to take
"time out."

Office pressure getting to you? Need to take a few days off? Talk to a P Lawson Travel consultant about setting sail for a few days. We specialize in short "time out" holidays. And we'll show you how to make the most of your time.

Phone P Lawson Travel today. We'll take the pressure off you and your budget.



50 years of service
P LAWSON TRAVEL

Over 50 offices across Canada.
See your Yellow Pages.

CITY SCENE

The happy days of rock 'n' roll are here to stay

CING radio re-creates a vintage era with resurrected oldies



Evening disc jockey Norman Binkley: high-speed platter's pulpit

By Alan James Mayer

When Ralph Judge, a 38-year-old computer-sales executive living in Burlington, Ont., picked up fellow messenger Guy Hamilton to drive to Toronto, he was antsy to see his usually sedate friend dash excitedly out of the house half-dressed and shoeless.

"Who sang Mashed Potato Time?" demanded Hamilton.

"Lulu Rose," answered Judge. "Wrong, she's been passed." Hamilton cried, running back into the house still trying to guess the answer in the radio phone-in contest. If Judge was believing like a school kid, it was because the local Burlington station—CING 95.9—was taking him through time, back to his teens, by playing the music he grew up with in the '50s and '60s. While "oldies" shows are not new—radio stations have always featured "blasts from the past"—CING is the first station in Canada to completely forsake the present 19 hours a day, six days a week and re-create a bygone era with resurrected rock 'n' roll, dynamic disc jockeys and, best of all, personal dedications and requests.

"Don't er-Rockin' er-Rockin' even all his ha-ha-boy brothers and sisters in ruble land—oh yes, he does! And he's got a special little going out to Pin-

ky and the girls at Tim Horton's." Rockin' Babin sounds more like a strangled duck than a popper bird, but his high-speed platter party is the wildest that southern Ontario has heard in 20 years. It takes listeners back to the moment they first heard Bobby Carroll's *Fortune Teller*, the dance done to South Street, the pump of a first crush with *Venus in Blue Jeans* playing. "The post-war baby boom's come of age," says Norman Binkley (who uses the name Norman B.), the 100% music director and evening deejay, who, like most of CING's audience, is in his mid-30s. "Up till now nobody's played the oldies they remember."

Norman B. is not blessed with a radio announcer's rich voice, he tends to mumble like a nightclub comic with a sore throat. When he gets a phone call during his show from Sherry in upstate New York, who hasn't heard Bobby's *Girl in 1959*, he confesses if he can remember. As soon as the next record is rolling, he sprouts out of the studio to the record library. He retrieves the request from the station's collection of 30,000 tapes, and he's back before the song that's playing ends. One minute later, the long lost Bobby's *Girl* is heard from again.

Fans who have lost touch with their hits are often shocked to hear how they

PEUGEOT 505

GASOLINE
DIESEL
TURBODIESEL



A new definition of performance.

Knowledge of human body technology. The many design concepts, electronic driver controls, excellent chassis position, four independent and excellent driven stability.

These characteristics

when strength, safety and reliability are engineered in harmony with the latest technological advances, the Peugeot 505 provides a new definition of performance. From a choice of engine, gearbox, and drive all new 90, 95, 105 and 115.

Performance is how the power gets to the road and stays there through a 120000 km power drive line and independent suspension. Performance as defined by Peugeot, unmistakably doing your best test drive of a 505.

PEUGEOT 505



At Peugeot, performance is defined in a comprehensive sense, more than the automobile world traditionally sees it.

The engine of the 505 is available in the Peugeot 505 line. Quattro, the clean, quiet, automatic five-speed engine (available in 90, 95, 105 and 115) and the Peugeot 505 1.6 (105 and 115).

The interior environment is designed from a human

It takes a lot more
than a revolving restaurant,
suites with fireplaces, and
a superb location in historic
Quebec... to make a hotel great.

It takes 450 spacious guest rooms and conference facilities that are second to none. It means a staff who pamper you 24 hours a day and gourmet dining at any one of our three top-notch restaurants. And when it comes to entertainment, Quebec's hottest nightclub is right here - just an elevator ride away. Then there's our choice location overlooking the historic Plains of Abraham, a stone's throw from the business sector and Government buildings...

Loews Le Concorde... it takes all this... to make a hotel great.

LOEWS
Le Concorde

1225 Place Mandolin
Quebec, Quebec G1R 6N6
(418) 492-2222 or call 1-811
(Loews Representative International)
Toronto: 962-5711 Quebec: (514) 366-7947

have some of age. When Norman B. trucked down Dean and the Belmonts, he found that Dean was a born-again Christian singing religious numbers in Miami, and the Belmonts were running a Brooklyn pool hall. Norman B. caught up with Bobby Rydell (Jasper Tins) working a Barrie, Ont., nightclub, and Leslie Gore (*It's My Party*) taking voice lessons in New York. "We don't pay lip service to the music and we're not just out for juke," comments Blakely, earning the respect of hard-to-please nostalgia nuts. And if the fans' fervor doesn't surprise Blakely, their numbers do. In 1979 CBC was playing middle-of-the-road music to a tiny audience of 6,000 listeners a week in an area where top



Blakely's Apple: Classics from the past

stations like CHLW-FM reach 700,000. Then "the gold and great revival" began, and within a year the station more than doubled its share of the market. Now, with more than 300,000 listeners a week and the largest queue of all Toronto-area stations, CHLW's giving the Toronto guests a run for their ratings.

To Norman Blakely it's more than a return to old-time radio—it's a personal return as well. In the mid-'60s Norman B. was one of Toronto's most popular disc jockeys. But as format radio grew more restrictive, there was no spot for Norman B. as an interchangeable "spark plug" announcer. Faded in his scrapbook along with snapshots of Bobbie Lane and Fats Domino is the letter Blakely received when the station fired him. But now he's determined to restore rock 'n' roll radio to its former heyday. "Knowing your favorite day by name, that's what it's all about," he says. The request lines are open to a time gone by and it's the thrill to feel 14 Radio's back the way it was before the music died. ♦

CANADA



Schreyer picks up their visiting Washington neighbors at Ottawa airport: a gala welcome to conceal some historic rifts

Somewhere over the rainbow

By Michael Posner

"Without some discussion," the Earl of Chesterfield declared as one point, "no business can be carried on at all." As endorsed by Harold Reagan's ceremonial parade through Ottawa last week, the earl's insight is as valid today as it was more than two centuries ago. The Reagan state visit, his first since taking office, might well have served as an object lesson in high-level diplomacy, like schoolchildren receiving an important visitor, official Ottawa was on its best behavior.

Known as peace, the Americans were careful to say nothing that might offend, they therefore said next to nothing

at all. And, ever discreet, the Canadians largely set aside their concerns about denuding U.S. pollsters. Having agreed to be agreeable, the president and the prime minister emerged from their several hours of discussion nearly brimming over with goodwill, voicing the optimism that flows from the conduct of reasonable men who know the value of some well-placed discretion. Considered Pierre Trudeau: "There was really no subject or grievance the United States wasn't prepared to discuss and indicate a will to settle."

This laquer of warmth may have masked the rough grass underneath—but that was precisely the point. Like the last-minute route change in Reagan's motorcade into Ottawa—designed

to avoid rude throngs of demonstrators—and like the three-painted boarding on Parliament Hill before construction scars on the Peace Tower, so did the 27-hour visit effectively conceal the rifts in an historic partnership. By mutual agreement, the pressing agenda of bilateral and multinational issues was effectively tabled for future consideration.

Still, the president may have wondered for a time just what sort of welcome he would receive. In the days and weeks leading up to the trip, the U.S. government had made four or five moves adversely affecting Canada. Withdrawal of the East Coast Fisheries Treaty from the Senate, dismissal of all three American appointees to the International Joint Commission, proposed spending outbursts on pollution control,



Springs eternal at
JOHN BULLOCH tailors, 734 Bay St.



Trade and Reagan before the Commons by mutual agreement, a pressing agenda effectively labled for tomorrow

release of a departmental report on the desecration of natural gas prices (which might delay construction of the Alaska gas pipeline) and a stiffly worded diplomatic dispatch objecting to the Trudeau government's National Energy Program (NEP)—these all generated a good deal of talk in Ottawa and elsewhere about U.S. motives. Were they intended to repress the prime minister and his internal affairs minister, Mark MacGuigan, for their less-than-enthusiastic support for American policy in El Salvador? Were they designed to influence Canadian politicians so that the absence of conflict in head-to-head meetings might later imply that real progress had, in fact, been made? A few days before the trip, one Canadian diplomat woke up in the middle of the night, talked recent U.S. decisions and wondered, "Am I missing something? Or am I just paranoid?" Or had the American actions even been orchestrated in the first place? Perhaps, diplomatic officials suggested, they simply represented the neo-ordained acts of a young administration, failing to consider the impact of its behavior.

Whatever the implications, it was clear from the moment of Reagan's arrival on Parliament Hill that the mood of determined victory was not universally shared. Objecting to U.S. arms flows to El Salvador and U.S. exports of oil and gas, crowds of protesters provided a rhythmic counterpoint to the prime minister's opening address. When Trudeau proclaimed the U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights as the "sweet breath of humanity," a cynic loudly quipped, "Whatever happened to them?" Reagan faced the same music—and during the



playing of the national anthem—large banners of disaffiliation. Trudeau at last addressed himself to these "lovely voices," noting, "the Americans have some beefs against us, too." But privately Canadian officials seemed rather pleased by the demonstrations. Said one, "In terms of broadening public opinion in the U.S., we could not have gotten that kind of awareness in six months of working on our own."

By all accounts, and to the surprise of many, the president and the PM—the on-actor and the former law professor—established a near-instant rapport. As he has almost daily in Washington, Reagan repeatedly demonstrated the importance of diplomacy and the value of a timely anecdote. Officials said the president did as much talking as anyone during the four hours of meetings but rarely raised specific policy questions. When he returned to

Reagan and MacGuigan at pains to record points of agreement even on El Salvador



retaliatory action, Reagan's combed as often as not was, "That reminds me of the lady I knew in California."

The president did broach the North American accord, an idea that has sparked some concern in Ottawa, but Trudeau was clearly prepared for their possibility and seized the occasion to suggest a trilateral summit, meeting with José López Portillo, Reagan declared it a fine idea, and the PM quickly pinned a call to the Mexican president, who also was in favor. However, most observers discount the prospect of an early summit. In fact, the PM pressed a subject dear to his own heart—the summit of North-South nations scheduled for Mexico in the fall. The U.S. inched closer to accepting an invitation but stopped short of an outright commitment.

While Trudeau and Reagan were destroying the Cold-Coke thesis, other members of the respective cabinets were squaring off ostentatiously, those meetings were no less harmonious. MacGuigan and Alexander Haig, the secretary of state, held two lengthy ses-



Offensive voices—schoolchildren and protesters: swell breath of humanity

sions and later told reporters that an El Salvador, the Middle East and other topics there were no fundamental disagreements. Canada did register opposition to arms traffic flowing into the strife-torn Central American nation—including U.S. arms traffic—but both MacGuigan and Haig were at pains to record the points of agreement, support for the existing junta, the need for meaningful reforms, the wish for a political solution.

The neocons with Haig and Reagan confirmed what officials at External Affairs had already suspected—that any White House endorsement of a policy approach depends on Al Haig's support. Haig is the longtime presence of power within the new administration, and MacGuigan viewed him at strong the American viewpoint. In general, the Americans seemed receptive, deliberately avoiding opportunities for confrontation.

But they gave nothing away—nothing beyond assurances that the Carter administration had not previously given, and in some cases less. On the controversial issue of East Coast fishing rights, the U.S. explained that the treaty signed nearly two years ago stood absolutely as a chance of passing the Senate and that, even if the White House had attempted to mangle it through, the House would never pass the implementing legislation. In short, Reagan's choice was either to withdraw the fishing treaty or to do nothing, the former seemed preferable.

There remained, however, the question of timing: Haig had telephoned MacGuigan a week before the visit to inform him of U.S. intentions; the treaty would be withdrawn. Ottawa was

New presidential timber in town

There was nothing strange going on here. A former movie actress in monk cut and high boots, armed with a Ray gun, was leaning around the front of a silver maple sapling. Nancy Reagan was pretending to plant a tree that actually had been planted five days earlier. A crowd of green-ups, including the president of the United States and the Governor-General of Canada, stood in the freezing wind watching seriously, as if they were some musing in all this. The president had pretended to plant his own silver maple minutes before.

On the front lawn of Government House, the press for normal. In November, 1983, after all, DeWolfe and James Eisenhower said planted was just a few metres away. In May, 1981, John and Justice Kennedy planted two red oaks—be it to regret it with a wrenched back that hurt for months. Just out of sight, but with a plaque to mark the donation, a sturdy oak, planted by Richard Nixon in April, 1974, with another planted by Pat [sic] of the Republican death cult. Government House denies a rumor that the Nixon tree died and was secretly replaced, cover-up or not, Nixon's tree has

expecting that decision. But it wasn't until two days later that it seemed word the announcement would be made on Friday—only four days before the president's arrival. In fact, the timing of the announcement provided details of the decision, never, it could be felt it would be better to wait until Reagan had returned to Washington. He could tell Trudeau what he planned to do and seek his advice on what steps might then be taken to preserve oakleaf stacks from the rapacious fishermen on the Georges Bank. But Haig felt it would be better to take the losses before going to Ottawa, like to announce withdrawal afterward would dissipate whatever goodwill the trip had generated. Clearly, the Canadians would be aggrieved, but they would be more so if they were to believe that the decision was still possible and later were informed it was not. Moreover, news of the administration's imminent decision was already spreading in the northeast, and Suzanne Ridgway, the White House press man on the treaty, knew the government would soon have to confirm or deny the stories. In the end, the Americans opted for damage containment.

In Ottawa, MacGuigan went through the motions of expressing "genuine disappointment" with the U.S. action and declared his hope that Washington



Observing the tree-planting ritual: a tiny aspect in a freezing wind

grew distinctly cooler. All the other trees are thriving, including the George Washington that Jimmy Carter was supposed to pretend to plant but couldn't because his visit in November, 1979, was cancelled. Fortunately, it too was planted a few days before Carter didn't come—near Miss LaRue's silver maple.

—JOHN HAY

would push some sort of fisheries management agreement on the industry. Reagan gave his word that he would try, but Ridgway suggested it might be four years before conservation measures could be implemented. In four years, oaks might well be an endangered species in the region, and a good many independent fishermen, mostly American, will probably be out of business.

Regan made other promises, but these too failed to accurately some Canadian. He pledged, for example, to shake by American commitments made in the Boundary Waters Treaty (1908). He said the \$97 million earmarked for work this year at the Garrison Dam project in North Dakota would not please Canadian writers. He said proposed consultations on the project would proceed as planned later this spring. Welcome as these assurances were, they did not remove Canada's bottom-line concern that any work risked the accidental spillage of toxic into Canadian waters, and that such work is not really cost-effective until further consultation—to which Canada strenuously objects—is completed.

The president played the apocryphal air politician as well, insisting that his



Prizefighters get close too

Priest Minister Maclean, King and President Franklin Roosevelt, the champions of Canada-U.S. security, met 18 times during their tenure and pronounced each other fast friends. Yet F.D.R. to his dying day nor King's first term ending, addressing was always as "Maclean's". After meeting John Kennedy, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker could hardly speak civilly about the young president. Kennedy didn't even bother trying to be polite about Dick Richard Nixon nor Pierre Trudeau and was heard later on the White House tapes referring to Trudeau as an "asshole". In short, the intimacy of a summit need not always lead to a beautiful friendship. As Lester Pearson once cautioned: "Prizefighters may have very close personal contacts."

So it wasn't surprising that Trudeau and his people deliberately distanced gently with the times dividing Ottawa and Washington when Ronald Reagan arrived last week. The idea was to put off bargaining in other days and other meetings and to warm up a personal rapport between the two leaders that might help dissolve disputes in future. The two, after all, were not exactly a matched set. Trudeau, a 52-year veteran in office with what the Americans consider a leftish cast to his politics, and the president of seven weeks, thought by some Canadians to be a right-wing ruler in foreign affairs. By gliding around their differences, they seem to have hit it off. Said one Trudeau aide of Reagan: "You just don't help but be charmed by the guy." After several

"King's family called him 'Willie,' which as I felt was unbecoming, so the personal college mottoed him 'Dick' for one. The ladies class contemporary, Bruce Lapointe and Vincent Meunier, everyone else, even some members, called him 'Mr. Dick'."



hours with the president, Trudeau admitted that each is a bit of a lion. "He's a good actor and I'm a bad one."

At an early recent U.S.-Canada summit, Canadian diplomats hovering around this case spoke hopefully of opening a "new era" in relations between the two countries. But what this and post summit there is the asymmetry between U.S. and Canadian interests, an issue that transcends public or official activities in Canada—and rain, fisheries—no other just a passing blip on the American political landscape. Reagan, then, could be forgiven for being startled by the most vigorous and spirited demonstration of pickets and hecklers that Parliament Hill has beheld in years. Banned as heart for the athletes, he gazed over the heads of the Canadian Forces band and straight into a banner the size of a barn door that demanded STOP ACID RAIN. Off to his left, demonstrators yelled, "Thanks out of 10 Salvador!" Explained Trudeau in his welcome speech: "As you can see from these signs and as you can hear from some of these lovely voices, Canadians expect much of America. The Americans—now by lacking the willen anger of the anti-war protesters who met Nixon in 1972—the Commons to pass a unanimous resolution deploring the demonstrators' attempt to 'drive out' Reagan."

Roosevelt and King, Kennedy and Diefenbaker; Trudeau and Nixon: none didn't even bother trying to be polite

A more distant but far more telling message for the future of U.S.-Canada relations came from that most responsible of all sources, the under-secretary of state for external affairs Allan Gotlieb, in an article co-signed with External policy planning chief, Jeremy Kinsman, has called for a new strategy for dealing with the Americans, "one that provides for the realization of Canadian economic development objectives." Published in the journal *International Perspectives*, the Gotlieb paper will be seen by some fellow Canadians as a play to turn the repeated threats of U.S.-Canada ties through a central management at External. More important, it revises the 1972 white paper in which the government called for an economic strategy and foreign policy that would reduce vulnerability to U.S. actions. The so-called Third Option says the article: "It is important for the U.S. to perceive accurately the extent to which Canadian economic policies are directed to distinctive structural features of the Canadian economy, some of which are quite different from those of the United States. It is not a matter of different political philosophies; it is a question of different policy needs."

Presenting his Republican guest to the joint sitting of Parliament, Trudeau made one such difference plain for Reagan. Quoting Henry Thoreau in signing of the U.S. government, "This government of itself never furthered any enterprise but by the alchemy with which it got out of its way," the PM added, "but here in Canada, our own realities have sometimes made it necessary for governments to further enterprise." Translation: hands off Canada's National Program. This is one difference that might test all the charm either man can muster in the months ahead.

—JOHN HAY

administration would lead to "best efforts" to conservation and that the International Joint Commission, which enforces the Great Lakes Water Quality Agreement, would not be affected by budget reductions. On acid rain, Reagan appeared amenable to going ahead with treaty negotiations, but he probably won't be any hurry. Five working groups (four technical and one legal) set up under the 1980 Memorandum of Intent are scheduled to finish their reports by midyear, but a number of technical problems must be solved before formal negotiations can begin. The water issue, said rain is one of the few areas covered by the Clean Air Act in which a recent report by the Commission on Air Quality did not propose either rollbacks or a standstill. On the other hand, the White House's own proposals would limit the set of water quality regulations and almost certainly add to acid rain levels.

Washington renewed its support for the Alaska natural gas pipeline, with the ever-present proviso that private enterprise assume the entire financial risk. In part, as Trudeau told a press conference last week, this is basic strategy, since any hint of willingness by Reagan to shoulder loan guarantees would quickly lead Wall Street to reconsider the whole project. Still, there are grave fears on Parliament Hill that private industry is not prepared to bear the entire price tag—an estimated \$15 billion. As time passes, costs escalate. Work on the southern "pre-built" section of the pipeline is under way, but it is only feasible if it is stretched to Prudhoe Bay.

But all of the current industrial tensions, nothing seems to have annoyed the Americans as much as Canada's refusal to accept the program was announced in October, there has been a constant flow of diplomatic notes from the U.S. expressing "general concern" about various features of the plan. Less than a week before the visit, the state department's secretary of state sent you a long, point-by-point letter. The U.S. Department of Commerce and Business Policy, issued its strongest protest yet, specifically naming the elements of the plan it opposed and suggesting changes that would meet those objections. Strong by design, the Canadian officials dismissed the note and within 48 hours it was formally withdrawn—an unprecedented action in the memory of External Affairs veterans. Asked about the message at his week-end press conference, Alexander Haig thrust out his soldier's head and said the note did not reflect the administration's view or his own. Then he added, "I do not anticipate a similar letter being sent."

But if the note did not reflect the Reagan administration's policy, how, then, did it obtain the clearance and approval needed for delivery? American officials were previously involved to blame it on poor co-ordination. The pressure of K.I. Salvador and the Reagan economic package meant that few senior aides began to look seriously at Canadian issues until the president's visit was almost upon them. "Everything was in turmoil," an official told *Maclean's*. "The re-orientation process just didn't work very well." At Camp David on the weekend before the trip, Reagan polished his speech for the joint session of Parliament and looked over his briefing books. But he had gone there unaccompanied by anyone who

could purposes on both sides of the border but that the U.S. was really underprepared for the visit at its senior levels. That fact, plus the need to make damage by the visit rate and the funding treaty withdrawn, ensured that no real movement on any outstanding issues would be made. No ambassadors would be named, only a few runners would be allowed to eliminate—about the donnish Allan Gotlieb, External Affairs deputy minister, being sent to Washington, and some rich Republican banker coming north to Ottawa. There would be no conflicts, only renewed expressions of friendship. Trudeau quoted Thoreau, Reagan quoted Gordon Sinclair. The president and Nancy Reagan planted trees, attended a state dinner and were guests of



For God's sake don't laugh — he just appeared as ambassador to Canada yet

might have given him an oral briefing on the issues.

In fact, some officials at State wonder whether the note would have created the flag it did had it not been sent on the eve of the president's first trip abroad and the first by a U.S. president to Canada since 1972. Canadian diplomats do not think highly of that suggestion. Said one: "There's a certain amount of baroque eccentric involved." American officials also refused to rule out a similar letter being sent in the future. Haig's official notwithstanding—to which the Canadian response is not best? (to whose advantage?) What is certain is that Washington was embarrassed by the timing, if not the contents, of the note, and Reagan was taking the odds of the year during his talks with Trudeau.

In Washington, the consensus is that the trip to Canada served domestic po-

litical purposes at a gala concert featuring Anne Murray, who did not sing enough, and the Good Brothers, who did. Aides and advisers delivered delight at the cordial ambience of the talks and what they promised for the future of the relationship, but nobody—as one Canadian diplomat put it—was "in any doubt about whether the body troops were aware of what the real world looks like." The Americans returned home with another small bit, another episode in the continuing Ronald Reagan story, and the Canadians were left holding a bag of words and pledges as palpable as air. "We are not prepared in the long run to settle for expressions of goodwill," Mark McGowan insisted. But there was no suggestion of what Canada would do when the stakes were taken down and the goodwill was all used up.

With files from John Hay and Robert Lewis.

René Lévesque:
adieu or au revoir?

Resignation was written in the face of René Lévesque when he announced the dissolution of the National Assembly Thursday and left the powder-blue chamber—perhaps for the last time as premier. Agriculture Minister Jean Gauthier talked out of Parti Québécois voters but of “survivors” in the April 13 vote, and expectation of defeat was implicit in the words of re-

signing premier: “I’m back to finish the game.”

Victory appeared assured for Claude Ryan’s reinvigorated Liberals, who won all 11 constructive by-elections as well as last May’s referendum on secession. Few contain the popularity of PQ reforms in language legislation, state or-



Lévesque: among the PQ the talk was not of voters but of survivors.



Practising after dissolution, and before the campaign: Claude Ryan, Claude Morin and Denis Guénette: impressive reforms, then a referendum

somehow insurance, protection of agricultural land and political financing. But an impressive legislative record will not be enough for most PQ candidates demoralized by the referendum defeat and, in some cases, victims of the votes and voter studies of public office. During Gilles Gougeon's term as a PQ back-bencher, for example, the 54-year-old pioneer separatist acquired a reputation as a man whom he was fined \$600 for holding two teenage girls in his Quebec City apartment.

The biggest liability for most PQ candidates is the absence of independence forcing the party to govern solemnly that, if returned to power, it will do nothing to advance the cause for which

it was created. Such plans expose less a platform than a gallows. The PQ won referendum majorities in only 15 ridings, and there is little likelihood of another electoral fluke like that of 1976 when it won a powerful majority with only 41 per cent of the popular vote. That share was due in a sudden shudder of life from the dying Union Nationale, a party decimated by defections and now governing at last rites under the leadership of Jack LaSalle, who is expected to resign as Tory MP for Joliette in run in the riding of Berthier.

This campaign is probably the last one also for an era in Quebec nationalism when a governing clique of intellectuals tried to lead the province through its independence—using intellectual crutches to convince voters: national sovereignty would change all while changing nothing at all. Now the government is reduced to feebly challenging federal constitutional action in the courts, arguing last week in the province's court of appeal that the federal package is unconstitutional because it would subject provincial laws to a federal charter of rights.

But the real confrontation remains a political one and, said Lévesque, “The issue in which party has its guts in Quebec,” flattered Ryan: “Never has the prevailing position of Quebec been so weak as at the end of the PQ experi-

ment.” Even some PQ members may doubt their party's defeat so that its separatist commitment can be renewed under fresh leadership. The terms of such speculation in Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau, whose state-crafting promises in last week's creditors budget, reinforced his mystique as the Piquiste who can count. Should Lévesque quit the party leadership—by no means certain—Parizeau's long-standing disdain for the soft-shell strategy would make him a favorite among militant nationalists. It is also possible, however, that a crushing defeat April 13 would be the coup de grace for an independence movement already eviscerated by voters last spring.

—DAVID THOMAS

Yo-ho-ho, seven
bottles of rum

Drugs, sex, booze and mysterious disappearance finally explained, the Montreal trial of Gerald and David Palovich and three others charged with extorting \$82,000 from millionaire lawyer John Hayden McConnell is rehearsing along. Last week the Crown's chief witness, McConnell, repeatedly wiped his nostrils with his fingers as he testified to using mar-

jassas, hashish and “at present, raw and thick” cocaine. But he denied he ever had a drinking problem. “Do you consider a person drinking one bottle of rum a day an alcoholic?” asked defence attorney Michel Manneville. “It all depends on how long you take to drink it,” answered McConnell, later allowing that while he didn't think he consumed a bottle a day in the heat of the Jamaican case—where the alleged extortion supposedly began in February, 1972—

McConnell of Toronto in Montreal? It could have been booze or a Martini.



Brotherhood of the Newfoundland Constabulary held a day-long illegal strike. The cops won salary increases, effective bargaining rights and even ousted Chief Edgar Pitman in return, but rigid military discipline continued and it was not until the mid-1970s that constables were allowed to marry without the chief's permission. The latest outburst involves complaints about

Chief Richard Roche's clampdown on sick leave. When some 100 constables agreed a petition seeking a public inquiry into mismanagement, some cops withdrew their signatures for fear of breaching a rule forbidding them to talk

Newfoundland Constabulary, and (right) Clayton Rees: see thing they likely won't get it gone



to the press. Last fortnight, the 38-man executive, led by brotherhood President Sterling Wells, resigned in protest. Joe Ross, vice-president of the Canadian Police Association, says it all as a plot by Roche and the provincial justice department—which pays for the force—to get rid of troublemaker Wells.

Justice Minister Gerald Otonheimer maintains there are no grounds for a public inquiry, although the Liberal opposition has been calling for one almost daily in the legislature. It says the force is straggled to a skeleton at night because its \$850,000 overtime budget has all been spent halfway through the fiscal year. There has been mismanagement, the brotherhood charges, adding stories of men tripping their noses with overtime. They feel they are being made the scapegoats under a new self-regulating there is have a doctor's note for every sick day.

One thing seems certain—the brotherhood's long-standing demand that they be issued revolvers will not be met. This past Feb. 26, about 50 km west of town, a Nova Scotia shot and killed 16-year-old Clayton Rees, who had served a 22 at the police car three metres away. It was the first killing by a cop since the RCMP took over in 1956, as it turned out, the victim's rifle was loaded. It didn't even have a bolt.

—GERRY HEVY



Ferdinand retracing his footsteps

with a man with an Italian accent. After the encounter McConnell "was shaking like a leaf." Viorio's testimony read "I thought he was going to pass out." The Crown contends McConnell feared for his life after sleeping with a call girl posing as the wife of an alleged Mafia chief. He allegedly turned over \$500,000 in bills to his business partner, Falivich, thinking the money was to appease the so-called outraged Mafia husband.

And, McConnell told the court last week, that wasn't the only time he felt his life was in danger. This criminal trial was scheduled to begin last Sept. 8, but on that day the chief witness was nowhere to be found. McConnell explained that last summer he hired a security firm to check his Montreal apartment for electronic bugs "I had two positive readings," he said. "They told me to end my job and not talk too much in my apartment." But when the investigators came back two weeks later there were no bugs—"just one 18-inch serial in a hole of wallpaper in my own den." "So it could have been bugs or it could have been a wire tap from Miami," suggested Massarelli. "It could have been the case from Miami," McConnell agreed.

Nonetheless, he testified, he was self-consciously anxious to follow the advice of the investigators to get out of town for awhile. McConnell said one of the investigators warned him he had been "talking to certain people concerned in this case and they said through him that I'd better not be around for the trial. [The investigators] were talking about threats of death. They told me, 'Go home, you're in danger.' I was nervous." "It was something heavy that was dropped on my head. I figured I'd take a little time to think about what was going on."

McConnell "turned his eye" in his 30-second bout with a Montreal court, issued a bench warrant for his arrest. McConnell denied he had left town before the his and falivichs came to the city. As he left the witness stand he told Massarelli, "Your statement is pure delusion."

Other evidence introduced last week included police statements made by three of the accused Jimmy Scotti, 76, Tony Massarelli, 31, and Pasquale Martorelli, 41, all admitted they had attended a meeting in the Queen Elizabeth Hotel where the business over the extortion payment allegedly took place. They said, however, that the meeting was about real estate transactions between certain Montrealers and some Italian businessmen. Massarelli and Martorelli further admitted they had been in Montreal in February, 1972. Massarelli said he was there with Falivich to sign a recording agreement with McConnell.

At the time, Falivich and McConnell were partners in a now-defunct record company. "We, personally, I got went for the man," Martorelli told the police. The Crown claims Massarelli was then helping Falivich prepare the Mafia charade while Martorelli was the "strong man" who talked to McConnell at the wedding.

Over defence objections, the Crown also introduced a bill from the Casa Montego hotel dated during a search at a Falivich residence. It indicated that two women described as the "Misses P-m-n-i-c-h" shared a hotel room in St. Jean in February of 1972. A previous witness, self-described call girl Leslie Lavette, had testified she and Duvala Falivich had stayed there while Duvala set up the meeting between McConnell and McConnell's first step showed the concentration of the alleged extortion. Stay tuned. —ANN BROWNE

Ottawa

Labor pains for the CLC

Dennis McDermott, president of the Canadian Labor Congress (CLC), dropped into his chair in the Montreale suite on the 33rd floor of the Ottawa Skyline Hotel last week and, with the grim look of a man reeling from a long, draining struggle, waved aside his aides' warnings and admitted the CLC faces "a severe crisis" in its 50-year history. The afternoon session of the CLC's executive council had reached a decision that opened the way for months—perhaps years—of bitter infighting among organized workers, a battle that could split the entire Canadian labor movement.

Twelve U.S.-born building trades unions will be suspended April 30 from CLC affiliation because they have refused to pay \$674,286 in dues since last April—a rebellion spawned by accusations and long-standing objections by the building trades unions to CLC policies. Kicked out will be 400,000 carpenters, insulators, electrical workers and other construction tradesmen claimed as members by the internationale—in all, about one-sixth of the CLC's 2.5 million members. In a parallel move, McDermott announced his organization was establishing its own building trades department, and he gave the suspended workers the chance to pay their dues and remain within the CLC while keeping their international affiliation.

McDermott sees his offer as a pre-emptive response to thousands of plans from union members across the country crying out for the CLC to throw them



Lalor, McDermott and Ross, showing

life" that will keep them at the heart of the Canadian labor community. But McDermott's opponents understandably disagree. "They're setting out to destroy the international building trades unions in Canada," says Ken Ross, the powerful chairman of the Canadian executive board of the building and construction trades department, an adjunct of the AFL-CIO. Ross, who enjoys widespread support from construction unions across the country, claims few locals will switch their allegiance to the CLC in the seven weeks before the suspension becomes effective. He predicts that in his own union, the International

Radio Moscow comes to Tuk

John Stein was sorting the office mail when an unusual stamp caught his eye. It featured two Soviet cosmonauts, and the letter, addressed to himself, president, CBC Radio, Tuktoyaktuk Broadcasting Society, Northwest Territories, Canada, announced "Radio Moscow would like to inform you that it can provide your station free of charge with taped English-language programs dealing with Soviet segments of Service 15." It was signed by SIG-Ter-15-Chief Konstantin S. Zilov.

"I just couldn't believe my eyes," says Stein, a longtime town councillor and operator of Tuk's Beaufort Inn. Nor could the offer from Moscow have come at a more opportune time to build a station around the 1,000-watt locally run station which, evidently through a misunderstanding, has seen much of its funding cut off. "We've been broadcasting community fringe programs to raise enough money to stay on the air," says Stein.

For 11 years CFCM has been providing the 1,200 residents of Tuktoyak-



and a strike—gratifying out to industry the building trades union?

Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, less than half of one per cent of members will opt for continued CLC affiliation. The CLC has hopes it will survive the ordeal in a stronger position than ever, although McDermott admits he is operating in uncharted waters. In Quebec, a majority of building trades locals have already opted for affiliation with the CLC's provincial arm, the Quebec Federation of Labor (QFL), led by Louis Lalor. Support for continuing CLC membership is also anticipated in British Columbia and Toronto. Whatever happens after April 30, the dispute in certain to usher in an era of labor unrest—



and possibly violence—as opposing groups end each other's membership. Behind this blossoming labor war, there is one principal grievance: the building trades unions are angry because they believe the CLC has failed to halt incursions on their jurisdiction in Quebec, where the QFL has set up its own building trades department and soon after harrying rights for construction workers in the province in competition with the international unions. Less explosive but equally important is a long-standing building trades claim that their interests are underrepresented at CLC conventions

because of the way delegates are elected. Many like Ross argue this has given the public service unions too large a voice in CLC policy. The more conservative building trades leaders also argue over this CLC's close ties to the New Democrats—an alliance Ross argues has helped neither the party nor the unions.

McDermott has seized on the building trades' dissatisfaction with delegate selection as proof that the U.S.-born internationals want to subvert the grassroots nature of CLC conventions in favor of the traditionally top-heavy decision-making practiced in many of the big U.S.-born union life parties. The odds as nothing less than a once-and-for-all chance to curb U.S. influence in Canadian labor activities. "It's a question of whether people want to be governed in their own local or goddamn Washington—that's what's it's all about."

But what if they may really be about the breakup of the CLC, which since 1964 has defied the odds as one of the Western world's few successful central labor organizations.

If the building trades cannot be wooed back to the movement in the CLC, what will mean to the public sector unions, exacerbating their differences with the congress' industrial members and bringing the threat of the CLC's disintegration—and chaos in the labor movement—ever closer.

—LAD WHITTINGTON

tak with 64 hours a day of musical requests, local weather, news and announcements, local legends and education programs, operating in both English and Inuktitut. As the English-speaking listeners the soon-drifted radio check after CBC's morning and evening broadcast periods, he flips a switch and the station relays CBC Northern

Service programming for the rest of the broadcast day. It all began on the generous impulse of Toronto's popular radio station CHUM, which shipped its chief engineer north with \$50,000 worth of equipment in 1970 to get the show on

Bill Tuktoyaktuk, the first voice of CFCM. 11 years later, a newfound friend



the Arctic air and promised \$10,000 a year for five years to help pay for operating the station. "They sent messages to Trappers and told news when business was slow," says Tuk. "It was a useful start," says CHUM Vice-President Wes Armstrong. Actually, CHUM kept the monthly checks lying near for 10 years but stopped about a year ago after receiving word that CFCM had shut down. "We've never been off the air," insists Stein, but CHUM will only say it may consider renewing its support after it receives written assurances of future operations.

Meanwhile, creek bed of disfigure will decide this week whether to pick up Massarelli's offer of a new taped program as "Monroe Marziani," a three-minute feature in which commentator Vladimir Foster airs his views on issues of domestic and foreign policy. "And Monroe Marziani, 15 minutes of 'Joe Adams answering a wide range of questions sent in by the community.' 'What do you do when your back is against the wall?'" asks Stein with a grin. "Babies are as good as dollars." CFCM Tuktoyaktuk has already begun a special announcement: "Radio Moscow—if you are listening, your offer of programming is being considered." And Moscow already is. —ANNA PROKHOROVA

A riddle to the end

About 100 hijack hostages are finally released after two sweltering weeks



By Peter Hainward
and Sean Todan

A suspected offer by Syrian President Hafez al-Assad cleared the way Saturday for a successful ending to the 53-day ordeal of 138 victims of the longest aircraft hijack in history. In a dramatic intervention, Assad offered asylum to the three hijackers, militant opponents of Pakistan's President Zia ul-Haq, and 34 political prisoners flown out by Zia to convert the captives of three Americans aboard the hijacked Boeing 737.

At week's end it had seemed that the disaster's release had paved the way to a solution of the drama, which began on March 3 when the aircraft, with about 140 people aboard, was diverted to Kabul from its intended destination, the northwest frontier city of Peshawar. But a last-minute change of mind by Col. Muhammad Khadafi's government halted the disaster's flight to intended sanctuary in Libya—and rained fears of reprisals against the hijackers' remaining hostages on the Damascus terrain. It was then that Assad made his offer, reopening the way for their release, while the hijackers and the other Pakistani detainees stayed behind in Syria. If the question of survival had been settled, however, others remained unresolved. One was the exact role in the hijacking played by the man accused of masterminding it: Mortaza Murzai, 36-year-old eldest son of former Pakistani prime minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, deposed by Zia in a coup and later hanged.

Terrorist moves from cockpit (top). Murzai, the alleged diplomat (above) and Murzai's family, refuge in Syria

A second was the degree of involvement of the Soviet Union, its client government in Afghanistan, and Libya. Finally, there was the likely effect of the hijacking on the shaky political situation of the authoritarian Zia back home in Pakistan.

There was no doubt in the mind of Pakistani Defense Secretary General Khalid Khan that the young Bhutto was the leader of Al-Zulfikar (The Flag of Zulfikar), the leftiste subcommittee of code to which the hijackers' leader, code-named Alam Gili, claimed allegiance. On the hijacked plane's arrival in Kabul—the first leg of its odyssey—Murzai was there to embrace the hijackers and told them to embrace Afghanistan. "These are our boys and they have succeeded in their first mission." Not only that, Murzai, as the brains behind the hijacking, had been tutored by the international terrorist Carlos—real name, Ryszard Smolinski—also known as The Jackal.

These allegations were fairly denied by members of the Bhutto family and by Murzai himself, in a call to The Guardian in London from the Middle East. But Murzai was known to have been emboldened by the politeness of ex-colleagues over his father's execution and to have become involved in setting up a guerrilla organization to overthrow Zia and restore democracy. Murzai had traveled widely in the Middle East over the past two years and recently is thought to have been living in Kabul.

Such contacts seemed to point the finger clearly at Afghan and Soviet involvement, just as the hijackers' intended destination, Tripoli, appeared to implicate Libya. And Pakistani authorities were quick to seize on the point. It was evident, said General Khan, that in addition to having had conversations in Karachi, the hijackers also received "a lot of help" in Kabul. Their arsenal—automatons, grenades, bombs and sub-machine-guns—was too large to have been taken aboard at the start of the flight.

In fact, Pakistan and Afghanistan



have long protected and encouraged each other's opponents. Former prime minister Bhutto gave arms and financial aid to a group of Muslim rebels in Afghanistan in the mid-'70s, and Zia is said to have continued to support them in the current guerrilla war there. In such circumstances it would have been surprising if the Soviets, hard-pressed in Afghanistan, had not seized the chance to do some dishing out of their own—in Zia's backyard.



Benazir Bhutto continuing opposition

They may have been encouraged by the fact that Zia in war were isolated then at any time since he overthrew the Bhutto government in 1977. Pakistan's main banned political parties, headed by Bhutto's Pakistan Peoples Party (PPP), had threatened a general strike for later this month if Zia did not resign and call free elections in Pakistan. Last month, students opened fire on police. Schools, colleges and universities in many parts of the country have been closed in an effort to deprive the opposition of a base. No politician of any consequence has agreed to join Zia's latest military-civilian cabinet, and there are signs of stirring even within the army.

This situation, rather than their complicity in the hijacking—the official line in Islamabad was that Al-Zulfikar is the PPP's military wing—may explain the speed with which the authorities rounded up Bhutto's widow the Begum Nurjahan, who now leads the PPP, daughter Benazir and more than 100 others. There was no evidence that the Bhutto women, no strangers to Zia's jails, were



Route of hijacked plane, and Benazir Bhutto

even aware of the hijack plot, and the arrests seemed a straightforward attempt to cripple the planned strike.

In this limited ambition, Zia was likely to be successful, for there was widespread shock at the hijackers' murder of Tariq Rahim, the father of a five-month-old child it seemed as though Rahim had been carefully singled out. A former Bhutto aide-camp, he was later believed to have supported the prime minister's execution. But it was doubtful if Zia could count on public sympathy for him as more than a temporary distraction.

Japan

Invasion of the market snatchers

For more than two years, the cries of alarm had risen from North America and European auto-makers. More attractive and fuel-efficient Japanese imports, they claimed, were taking an increasing share of the market—23.2 per cent in the U.S., 10.6 per cent in Canada and 11 per cent in the European Community (EC) in 1980—and crippling their already recession-strapped industries. From Detroit to Brussels, the prescriptions from head offices were the same: The Japanese should be told to place voluntary curbs

Chicago autoworkers denounce a Toyota



on their car exports or face protective trade measures. Last week, indications were that governments on both sides of the Atlantic were about to follow. Moreover, was the world's shrewdest leader than in the corridors of Capitol Hill as lobbyists for America's Big Three auto plants searched for sympathetic ears. Reeling from last year's record 34-billion loss, the U.S. auto industry had planted itself and its employees on a strict regimen of plant closures and wage restraints. But at the same time fingers were pointing at Japanese competition. Ford Vice-President David McCammon said last week that "the single most effective means" to restore matters was to limit Japanese exports.

By last week, the automakers' demands had caused the first major split in the cabinet of President Ronald Reagan. Taking a stand for import curbs were the secretaries of transportation, Drew Lewis, commerce, Malcolm Baldrige, and labor, Raymond Donovan. Lewis and Baldrige argued before a Senate finance subcommittee last week that import aid was needed to support an industry facing a loss of \$500 million in 1981, making it difficult to retool for small cars. Even tax law breaks (which the subcommittee is to consider this week) wouldn't be enough.

The fact that Lewis and Baldrige had received the go-ahead to testify surprised many that Reagan had secured their viewpoint. If so, the choice had been a painful one. On the opposing side were such free-enterprisers as budget director David Stockman, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan and Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors Murray Friedman. There remained a chance that these men would demand the president from Tokyo. But according to senior commerce department officials, the president was to ask the Japanese this week to voluntarily reduce annual exports to the U.S. from 1.9 million to 1.6 million cars and he would seek to legislate if that number failed. Canada was expected to follow suit.

Meanwhile, in the face of growing threats of protectionist measures, Japanese automakers were in meet their 90 counterparts in Paris this week to dam the flood of Toyotas, Hondas and Mazdas. The chances of success seemed good in view of a private Japanese government request to manufacturers to observe a voluntary quota system for each EC country. Sources said the quotas—details were being hammered out at the Paris meeting—would cut imports to Europe from 300,000 to 200,000 vehicles this year alone.

Car makers' relief, however, was qualified. Many Japanese automakers are buying into the larger European

firm. The most eye-catching deals have been production agreements between Volkswagen and Nissan, and Honda and Britain's ailing British Leyland. These and less grandiose ventures with Renault in France, Alfa Romeo in Italy and Fiat in Spain are part of a long-term strategy to interlink the world auto industry. But right now the deals serve the useful purpose, from Tokyo's point of view, of moderating European protectionist clamor.

—JAMES FLEMING

With Alex from William Leach and Peter Leach

West Germany

The sidelined statesman

Six months ago the world seemed to belong to Helmut Schmidt. The West German chancellor's ruling coalition in Bonn had steamrollered its conservative opponents in the October elections, the German economy, despite the odd hump, still seemed the mightiest in Europe, and Schmidt's adroit footwork in the flag of big power diplomacy had won him broad recognition as the West's most able statesman. Since then, however, the bubble has burst. Not only has his socialist-liberal coalition proved decidedly shaky, but the



rightly German economy, which underpinned Germany's formidable political clout in Europe, has become a sickly creature.

President Ronald Reagan's drive to take up the reins of Western leadership has combined with the death of East-West détente—the chancellor's pet concept since he came to power in 1974—to add to the chancellor's troubles, and to complete his humiliations, opinion polls published last week showed that West Germans, who once rated him their finest post-war chancellor, were changing their minds. His support had plunged from 80 to 60 per cent.

The worst single blow, since it bore on so many facets at once, was the dramatic decline in the economy. The first sign of trouble came earlier this year with the announcement that, in 1983, Germany had run up a staggering \$14-billion trade deficit, the biggest in the

Schmidt creating economic angels

Western world, owing to its dependence on imported oil. Then came a prediction that gross national product would dip by one per cent this year. These tidings sent the Deutsche mark into a tailspin. They also led West German Defence Minister Hans Apel, citing the "enormous difficulties facing the country," to announce a startling reduction in military expenditure. Among the priority programs cancelled were plans to build a battle tank in co-operation with France and a new European combat aircraft for the 1990s. The Christian Democratic opposition instantly claimed that Apel's decisions meant the armed forces would no longer be able to fulfil their commitment in the Atlantic alliance and properly defend its homeland.

What enraged German conserva-

tives 10 per cent more "pay," and small businesses, which gleaned some tax relief. Otherwise, said the Daily Express, it was good news only for "a monk with a mortgage." Industrialists worried it "is a kick in the teeth," banks howled at a one-for-all tax on their windfall profits caused by high interest rates, trade unionists predicted more job losses.—The Guardian put them at 300,000 over 18 months, and the stock market made up two graphs overnight the next day: \$4.5 billion sliced off share prices.

Tory back-benchers were particularly

surprised by the abandonment of the party's tax-cutting election platform and the new gasoline tax—much Conservative support is in remote rural areas dependent on automobiles—and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was goaded into a shocking attack on the critical lack of "pity." She may also have been smugged from a remark in the previous Sunday's Observer. Commented Adam Raphael recalled that former Labor chancellor Denis Healey once said Thatcher had done for monetarism what the Boston stranger did for door-to-door salesmen—and that was before the taxpayer picked up last week's bill.

—CAROL KENNEDY

New gas prices more than \$4 a gallon



Star quality.

Five Star's secret of success is the extra smoothness and quality that is unmistakably Seagram's.

Reach for the Star. Seagram's Five Star.



three—and irritated Washington—was that Ames's problems had been largely of his own making. Budget estimates for the construction of the Tornado, a multi-role combat plane being produced by Germany, Britain and Italy, fell short of actual costs by no less than \$650 million in 1980-81, and the overrun could mount further to \$700 million in 1983-84. By the time Tornado is finished it will be the most expensive military aircraft ever built and will have degraded Germany's other military weapon systems by eating up a full quarter of the country's defense budget.

Such strains have built tension inside the ruling coalition, which links Schmidt's Social Democrats with the smaller Free Democratic Party led by Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher. One reasonably contented partner, Schmidt and Genscher have been falling out recently over a wide range of topics—not least their dealings about Ronald Reagan (Schmidt is reputed to have even lost income for Re-

U.S.A.

Taking a walk on the wild side

Scandalous pastimes at a club for the powerful



Patterson and Bohemian Club building. Reagan and a slice of his cabinet belong



Pauline Patterson, a 30-year-old blonde ex-playmate, went into history last week as the tale of her congressional capers brought a call to the justice department for an investigation and a confession from her husband, Hank, that he had indulged a "sexual Frankenstein" upon an apparently only too appreciative Capitol Hill. But while this replay of last month's scandal revolves around congressional life, Mrs. Jensen, continued to indulge politics, a flue was burning under a far more explosive device in San Francisco. *Marlene (Broadly) Bohemian*, a convicted woman, was reportedly writing on a TV script that would tell how she had provided prostitutes for the annual frolics of the Bohemian Club, which includes President Ronald Reagan and a large slice of his cabinet among its members. William Shockley profiled this most select, and secretive, of societies.

At this time of year in the staid six-floor, brick-looked headquarters at the corner of Post and Taylor in downtown San Francisco, the baroque club is actually devoted to preparations for the famous annual Summer Encampment in the redwoods of Bohemian Grove, 194 km north of the city. There, wealthy clubmen gather to drink deep thoughts, make deals that sometimes shape the nation's future and indulge in strange woodland rites. Former U.S.

President Herbert Hoover called it "the world's greatest men's party." It is the club's well-trodden rite.

But this season the conversation is tinged with unease, even alarm—and not only because of Marlene Bohemian. The club has other female troubles: It is not solely that feminists from business and social groups around the U.S. are thumping on the national portals demanding admission. The state itself, through Governor Jerry Brown's Fair Employment Commission, is accusing this 180-year-old bastion of the white male corporate establishment of sex discrimination.

In normal times, the Bohemians would simply push-push such affronts. But a strong Reaganian presence within the club has brought a flurry of sensitive newswatch publicity. After all, it is argued, Jimmy Carter's attorney-general, Griffin Bell, resigned from his two Atlanta clubs when their racial and sex-discriminatory practices were exposed. Why shouldn't the nation's new chief law enforcement officer, William French Smith, a longtime Bohemian, follow suit? Why shouldn't the president? Silver-haired, silver-tongued Smith needed only at his January confirmation hearing and said, in so many words, that his critics could drop dead—and that was that.

Who are the Bohemians, and how did they get that way? According to a

learned tome by Professor William Deneff, *The Bohemian Grove and Other Retreats. A Study in Ruling Class Consciousness*, there's at least one top executive (usually its chairman) from virtually every major bank and corporation in the club. Leaders of academia and the arts are also welcomed. William F. Buckley, Vice-Randolph Hearst Jr., David Niven, Bob Hope and scores of showbiz celebrities belong. In past years, speakers at the traditional, pond-side luncheon gatherings within the Grove have included Henry Kissinger,

their guarded Grove, close by the hamlet of Marin (population 3,000) on the Russian River. The Grove's Shakespearean motto, "Wearing spidery come not here," is an injunction to forget whoring and dealing which is widely ignored. While "drinking-class consciousness" rarely lets slip details of accommodations arrived at there, some—such as the 1967 agreement by Ronald Reagan, over a drink with Richard Nixon, to stay out of the coming presidential race—have helped mould America's destiny.



Kissinger, Eisenhower and Percy in 'sexual Frankenstein' unleashed



Bush, Hope and Weinberger: power and social standing are the only criteria



former NARA secretariat, Warner von Brown, grandfather Palmer, son Herman Week, Robert F. Kennedy (then attorney-general), Dwight D. Eisenhower and chairman Richard Nixon. Party lines melt at Bohemian Grove. Wealth, power and social standing are the only criteria. An Oscar Wilde once remarked after a visit: "Never in all my life have I seen so many well-fed, well-dressed, business-like-looking Bohemians." Former president Jerry Ford (see Betty, of course) rode elbows with former California governor Pat Brown, a Democrat (his Jerry is not a member). Nor is it a western-based old boys' network. Vice-President George Bush may be seen at camp, with Illinois Senator Charles Percy and former CIA chief John McCone. Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger is a regular.

Each summer, three weekends—this year's will be the 18th—see 2,000 Bohemians, with guests in tow, spend it by ear and corporate jet to

But it's business and pleasure that rule at the Grove. At each encampment, clubmen draw 5,000 bottles of vintage wine, with liquor to match—the hard stuff cowering in specially labelled Bohemian Club bottles. There's golfing, swimming, shooting, lavish "dinner art" repasts of lobster, salmon, quail and other delights. The Grove has 120 camps, each with its own menu and place in the social pecking order. At the summit is Mandakia, where the Bushes and the Nixons play. Here the western-leading industrialists and the Pentagon brass who make up their top echelons—bring their own (male) servants, waiters and cooks.

Last August in the rather awful title of the camp for northern Californians bigwig Morley Black is for artists, the bohemian people and writers who stage the Grove's theatricals. Some of the entertainmenters are notable enough: Bill Buckley strumming on a bass guitar, a lecture on the confining

sex life of the tarble. Others include that staple of every secret old boys' club that ever was—drinking in drag. At one performance last year, for instance, a visitor might have spotted the club's chief attorney, a distinguished-looking young-pated avocet, trampling in his stiletto shoes a young woman in a body stocking with gossamer wings attached. On a more down note was a drama called *The Bohemian*, dealing with the woes of California gold miners in the 1860s. It featured amateur thespian Casper Weinberger in lead roles.

The high spot of these low jinks is the biennial affair that opens each summer camp, drawing clubmen in hundreds into a ritualistic charade called *Cremation of Care*. It concludes with the symbolic cremation of a wooden skeleton representing worldly cares, whose coffin is borne aloft by Bohemians high powers in streaming skirt robes while a band plays *There'll Be A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*.

Oddly enough, reporters are barred from the club, formed one night in 1873 by five bored news hounds on the old San Francisco Peninsula to promote good fellowship (i.e., booze-up) and "to help elevate journalism to that place in the popular estimation to which it is entitled." That aspiration went down the drain when membership was extended to show people, and by 1878, the year of the first Grove-fest, the journalists were already on their way out.

Today, a prospective member faces an interrogation that, according to one clubman, "would satisfy the KGB." There is a waiting list of 1,500 candidates, all eager to pay the \$25,000 initiation fee and \$500-a-year dues. Upon nine of the 11-member club selection committee vote for you, you're out. Try again in three years. As for women, the situation that excludes them is simple: "Members would be intimidated," says a chairman who is also aide to Attorney-General Smith, by their presence at the Grove. "There's a lot of drinking and loose language."

Drink, drag and dirty women. Why would any woman want to intrude on such revels? Carol Smith, president of the Women's Lawyers Association of Los Angeles, says that Smith's refusal to resign from a club that discriminates against women and blacks raises serious questions about his commitment to ethical conduct. Several sexual business issues are routinely discussed at these clubs, in bawdy women and minorities "put them at a very real disadvantage."

Bohemian Club President Michael Costen began a night club. I can say in this house that I am a member and it's going to stay that way. Well, he says, "would you invite women to your poker game?"



With Carter little regard for presidents

gus than he did for Jimmy Carter. Few observers imagine that the coalition is on the point of collapse. But decisive action by Schmidt will be needed to stop the drift—and this the 80-year-old chancellor at present seems unwilling or unable to provide. Those closest to him say he has been vitiated in recent months by an old-fashioned insecurity which has supplanted his legendary self-confidence and left him lured with the power game.

Associates suspect that his reduced personal role in world affairs bothers him. But what almost certainly galls him most is Germany's economic setback. From the first, Schmidt's ambition was to disprove the old adage that West Germany was an economic giant and political dwarf, by using the country's wealth as a political weapon. Now that wealth and the political lightning have deserted him—albeit temporarily—he seems unable to find his way back.



"I liked myself. How do you go about getting a date with the prime minister?" and then I just decided to call him up and ask for me," explains an actress Kim Cattrall, 34, a Vancouver native who attended the Gemini Awards last week in Toronto with *Marla* Trousdale. Cattrall met the prime minister at the December opening of the Glen Tivoli, in which she re-stays with Jack Lawrence and Ruby Ranson. The pair hit it off and have been "in touch" ever since by telephone between Ottawa and Cattrall's home in Los Angeles. "He's certainly a dream of a date. Very charming, kind and a total gentleman," says Cattrall, who provided her date with the \$100-per-person tickets, which she got free as a presenter. After the awards, the couple went to dinner and wound up the evening at the after-Gemini party where they partook of "a little champagne and a little wine."

Statements noted, I have been on the *Sergeant*. To write in your column, my dear *Mrs. Roberts*! So begin the eight lines of verse that may mean William Lynn Mackenzie King will take his rightful place in Canadian letters—perhaps between Sarah Wilson, the recent co-writer of *Shakespeare*, and James Michener, the cheese poet of *Qualia*, Ont. The lines, found in a 1951 letter to his young friend and escort *Margaret Roberts*, will be auctioned next month in Toronto in a packet of King memorabilia including another letter (without verse) and signed portraits. "It's just doggerel," opines David Edwards of Canada Book Auctions. "It should bring in between \$200 to \$400—or much more if it really takes off." However, since King



Players (left to right) Kavalakis, Brown, director Sprung, MacLean and Ackroyd... about thumping the opposition!

is not known as a poet, lines like, *The best of good wishes, please let it be/From your friend you know as MacKenzie King*, will leave scholars wondering whether he had the knack of satirist—or was just plain bad.

Putting brown waves on the airwaves has made broadcaster-turned-information-officer Kim Whaley a winner. From his tiny University of Victoria, B.C., office, the 44-year-old Whaley produces an hour-long syndicated interview show heard on 190 stations, including Tokyo, N.W.T., with the sole purpose of making the dusty dunge of science and esotericism-ridden academia tolerable entertainment for the layman. "I won't use people who are pompous or stuffy or narciss-

droppers," says Whaley. Listeners discover each exotic trivia as the fact that plastic came from a man who was trying to make a better pool ball. But perhaps the farthest-fetched item Whaley has ever across involved the legality of a will passed by a dying farmer on the side of his cow. The answer is Saskatchewan, at least: probate and hence it.

After a string of successes and *Academy*, director Guy Sprung (*Les Canavans* and *Balmain*) felt confident that an association with the perennially disappointing Toronto Argonauts wouldn't slow his direction of the sports-politics drama *The Team*. Though David Williamson's play deals with Australian football, Sprung felt

Cattrall and Trousdale (left) on date



Cattrall (above) in a wooden angel fantasy; buddy Grace (right) a fantasy; *Penelope* (below), Santa's first stop

tively what I was talking about," says Scherer, who tries to get his subjects to "get away from their stereotypes." Director Norman Jewison, paired in tender scenes with his livestock, let it be known that he would rather be on a farm than behind a movie camera. And graduate Lisa Boyd liked her romantic fantasy of living in a castle so much that she wants to use it on her next record album cover. Glenn Gould, Anne Murray, Pierre Trudeau and Carole Black are also on Scherer's list. "What I'm doing is the exact opposite of what Youssif Kassek does so well," says Scherer. "I don't want the public image I want their personal image of themselves, because that's the thing that captures the continuity in their lives."

There are winners when this country needs a trouble-shooter—a blunt instrument—and, by heaven, it's going to have one," says M. the single-woman at head of the British secret service, when he takes responsibility for reuniting Agent 007's license to kill in the new *James Bond* book *License to Kill*. The original spy-thriller author, Ian Fleming, died in 1964, and the new series of three *Bond* books is being written by author John Gardner—an odder, ex-alcoholic, ex-thriller critic and creator of the satirical spy series starring blonde Boyne Oakes. Beautiful women, cute gadgets and mad scientists remain part of the formula, but Bond has definitely taken a turn toward the middle class. For example, Bond now smokes low-tar cigarettes, has cut back his alcohol intake and has replaced his petrol-buggy Bentley with a Saab 900 Turbo. And, though he hardly wears a tuxedo, he's a casual, the famous lower speeds are lonely night footprints away from a smacking blonde named Laurence Penelope—who reveals cards with a kiss for his good manners.



"I still parka weather up there, but it's nice now that the sun's come back," says Cheryl Pennell, co-ordinator for the Northwest Territories' "Up there" in Great Falls, the northernmost community on the continent, where Pennell will be travelling later this month. Described as "the first stop on Santa's route," Grace is 1,500 km from the North Pole and has an estimated 80 people, most of whom will move inland for the summer season, well before the official June 3 national hand count in order way. The trip, by small plane, will take Pennell from her home in Cambridge Bay, through Resolute and on up to Grace. The weekend will cost \$1,800. "But there's always the chance of getting weathered in," says Pennell. "Then we just wait, eat caribou and bannock and more caribou."

With Charlie's Angels now a thing of the past, the exploitation TV market has been grappling with a host of newcomers, and welcomes 23-year-old Donna Dixon, star of the shrewdly titled *Donna Dixon*, with open arms. In her first acting role, the former Miss Virginia plays a competent nurse by day and aspiring dancer by night. Dixon doesn't deny that her role is "sexy," but she claims the image has nothing to do with what she really is like. "I guess I've always been a tomboy," she says. "After all, I was the only person in my school to quit the cheerleaders to join the field-hockey team."

Ottawa's Committee for the Removal of Atomic Bombers (CARAF) cheered vociferously last year after the Canada Council Art Bank agreed to remove 11 modern sculptures from the city's scene Rockcliffe Parkway. These things were so bad we were calling for vigilante groups to lay down on front of lawn mowing equipment so the grass could grow high enough to cover them," says CARAF President Ray Stone. But this month two of the works of tilt repulse—thumbed by John Napier and Canada Art by Andrew Dawson—resurfaced in front of the new Brevin Canada building in St. John's, Nfld., where taxation director Gerry J. Brown says they're quite welcome. Stone says he's already negotiating for an Atlantic chapter of CARAF. Brown is not concerned. "Five or six people can get together and double anything."

—EDITED BY MARINA BOUTON

Mixing gas with hot air

Plans to pipe Alberta gas into the Maritimes meet opposition at NEB

It seems, on the surface, breathtakingly simple: pipe surplus Alberta gas to the energy-starved Maritimes. As gas strikes Alberta sells off some of its enormous natural gas surplus, the Maritimes are partly freed from reliance on expensive imported oil, while the federal treasury gets some relief from the sprawling \$5.5 billion it paid in 1980 to cover those high foreign oil bills. Besides that, gas is cheaper than oil so the new energy source might stimulate industrialization of the chronically depressed Maritimes, as well as creating a lot of construction jobs in the short term.

The murky world of Canadian energy policy is never that simple. For the better part of last week, a battery of expensive lawyers tried to convince the National Energy Board (NEB)—the regulatory agency that has ultimate authority over pipeline construction—that the Maritime gas might not be such a brilliant idea after all.

The skeptics converging on the board's Ottawa hearings include an odd alliance of petroleum industry lawyers, the province of New Brunswick and another provincial agency, the Alberta Petroleum Marketing Commission—all of whom happen to say they are not against a pipeline in principle, just leery of the particular proposal now before the NEB. The petroleum industry and Alberta are afraid that the producers of western natural gas are going to have to pay a disproportionately high share of the cost of the \$1.5-billion project. According to federal energy policy, gas consumers in Halifax should not have to pay any more than consumers in Toronto. Despite the fact that Alberta gas has to travel 2,400 km further to get to Halifax, and that the proposed pipeline ends outside Montreal if Maritime consumers aren't going to pay for those extra shipping kilometers and for the required new construction—who is?

Last week the NEB approved an extension of the existing line to near Quebec City, but turned down the Maritime link partly out of concern for its "financial viability." Now, the companies that have been agitating to build the Quebec-Maritime pipeline for five years (Enbridge, now owned by a consortium of Quebec and Maritimes Pipelines Inc. (TMPI), and Enbridge) are back before the board. Alberta producers are in no mood to believe any-



Proposed gas pipeline, lawyer John Hopwood of TQM, Anne Sledge of NEB

thing Ottawa says these days. They still want to know how much of the pipeline will be paid for by the taxpayer and how much will come out of their pockets.

Meanwhile, New Brunswick's support for the pipeline remains oddly lukewarm. With its high unemployment, lack of new industry and reliance on foreign oil, it would seem the province would leap at the opportunity the gas pipeline represents—much as Nova Scotia has. Instead, it urges caution. It worries about environmental impact and about the potential competition for its ageing nuclear-generated electricity program. Older still is the fact that the New Brunswick company that may be most directly threatened by the gas pipeline—the giant Irving Oil Ltd.—has not, so far, appeared before the NEB. It is waiting for a hearing on its own 500 km pipeline, which the New Brunswick government may be urging Irving to, even if indirectly.

Next week the hearings move to Pro-

vince, then on to Halifax and Quebec City before returning to Ottawa on April 8. But it all may be irrelevant. Federal Energy Minister Marc Lalonde has already said the government will legislate the building of a pipeline if the NEB turns down the Maritime proposal a second time. For his part, NEB Chairman Geoffrey Ridge opened the hearings by remarking carefully that while federal policy may be "relevant," it is not binding on the board. All of which leads one to wonder how they ever managed to build a railway from sea to sea.

—SUSAN TREACY

Star of wonder, Star of might

In the Canadian publishing industry—where censorship seems the name of the game—nothing in recent weeks has been more controversial than Terstar Chairman Roland Henderick's image as the neighborhood bully who waxes all the marbles. In a methodical move last week—part of its "strategic plan"—Terstar Corporation, the Toronto-based media conglomerate, stepped closer to 100 per cent control of Harlequin Enterprises Ltd., offering \$143.6 million for the 20 per cent of the company it does not already own. Harlequin, the publisher of romantic fiction and a success story of gothic proportions, since 1966, bought control in 1975, accounted for about 70 per cent of the parent's profits last year, earning \$29.3 million. In a related move on Friday, Terstar sold its major bread-

discover...
Total technology in Brother electric typewriters

Correct-O-Riter
Model 4812
Easy load
typing/correction
cassette

Model L10 plus 3
Easy load
typing/correction
cassette

brother
electric typewriters

© 1984 International Corporation, Montreal, Quebec
Brother of Brother Industries Ltd., Regina, S. 401

est interest, a one-third share of Western Broadcasting Co. Ltd. of Vancouver, for \$25.38 million.

Torstar's move to consolidate control of Harbinger may come as no surprise to those familiar with the company's sweet tooth. But neither as predictable, nor as palatable, was Torstar's \$53.5-million move, barely two weeks earlier, to acquire 15 suburban community newspapers owned by Inland Publishing Co. Ltd., effectively giving Torstar a monopoly in the Metropolitan Toronto market. Torstar, which bought the chain through its wholly owned subsidiary, Metropress Printing & Publishing Ltd., now controls 29 community newspapers with a total weekly circulation of 900,000 stretching from Okanagan to Okaville—about 20 per cent of the population of Canada. Not to be forgotten is the company's flagship, Canada's largest newspaper, the Toronto Star.

"Inland is in good hands," says Douglas Barnett, chairman of Telegraph Corp., owners of the Inland chain. "Mr. Henderich is a brilliant man." Henderich is also a wily man. Two weeks before the Inland purchase, Henderich testified at the Kent commission, which since December has been looking into the monopolistic practices of the Canadian newspaper industry. There, Henderich proposed that a press ownership review board be set up to study prospective owners with the aim of preventing any further concentration in Canada's \$2.6-billion newspaper industry. Henderich's purchase of Inland, right under



Robert Henderich of the Star (left) heads the company's sweet tooth.

the nose of the Kent commission, fed suspicion that he acted fast before the commission could propose legislation barring such a take-over.

"This purchase is not something we can ignore," said commission Chairman

Tom Kent, upon learning of the Torstar purchase. Kent has since asked Henderich to step aside in the commission hot seat within the next five weeks to explain his actions. There, Henderich may choose to give the advice of preachers who listen from public pulpits do as I say, not as I do.

—JANE O'HARA AND JAMES DOWDALL

And now a word from our sponsor

The hangover from all that stretch and champagne probably needed the triple-strength, fast-acting, time-released, extra-buffered, non-aspirinic pill that most doctors recommend. For many Canadian advertising agency executives, however, even the acute pain of the morning after would be a welcome change from the kind of permanent low-grade headache caused by the infinitely more lethal advertising style of the daytime drinks—milk, coffee and coke.

Perhaps it was to be expected that last week's Marketing Award Advertising Awards night in Toronto—the ad industry's glittery equivalent of the Oscars, held, coincidentally, the same night and just a block away from the Canadian film industry's Greta Awards (on Jan. 28)—would endorse neither the hard sell of coffee and coke, nor the soft sell of milk. It was shown as if the judges avoided choosing between the two extremes that are cur-



... goes a long long way.

TV ad winner, daytime delite.

rently pulling advertising in opposite directions as they throbbed from 1,500 airtime from TV, radio, newspapers, magazines, billboards and public transit campaigns in 1990. What they honored instead was the conventional middle ground of "crazy" ads for the usual range of products: ketchup, shampoo, beer, Chubby Chicken and the like. It was an accurate mirror of the very advertising frenzy that created the ads in the first place—a heavy emphasis on consumer products, particularly American goods made in Canada, a balance between Canadian and U.S.

agencies, between big agencies and small and a leaning toward wacky wit over serious claims. Not that the agencies escaped without a minor jostling from judging Chairman Gerry Kane, president of the small ad agency of Gils, Wisniewski & Goe, who criticized many ads for their "empty beauty." "What struck us particularly in so much advertising," he said, referring to his 12 fellow judges, "especially in television, was the lack of ideas."

It's a moot point whether ads showing Nabokov coffee attempting to smash the reputation of Maxwell House, or Pepsi-Cola attacking Coca-Cola with pseudo-clinical testing techniques, offer better ideas. Or whether mid-ranked "Thank you very much, milk," at the opposite extreme, makes its point with brilliant subtlety, or even makes it at all. Those ads, and their controversial spin-offs, will continue to find their way onto the airwaves. And so will this year's winners, assuring consumers of another year blessed with such gems as very pungent ketchup in the taste of Tupperware, dancing away the greasiness with Spirit shampoo and chickens singing the A&W root beer song.

—ANTHONY WHITTENHAM

Maclean's OFFERS YOU CANADA AND THE WORLD

YOUR FREE GIFTS!

Yours at no extra cost when you subscribe to Canada's weekly newsmagazine.

To keep track of the rapidly changing world of ours, you really do need a good map. You don't have to spend \$30 or \$40 for an other just take advantage of Maclean's latest offer to get the maps you need as BONUS GIFTS. And, with Maclean's delivered to your home every week, you'll stay abreast of all the Canadian and world news that matters.

Here's how. Take 31 weeks of Maclean's and choose between the map of Canada and the map of the world. Take 32 weeks and we'll send you BOTH maps.

They're splendid wall maps, printed in full color with special hand tinted highlights and ready for mounting.

Act today. You'll get your Bonus Gift map(s) shortly after we receive your subscription. AND THEY WON'T COST YOU AN EXTRA CENT. Simply fill in and mail the prepaid post card or coupon today.

2 EXTRA ISSUES FREE

Maclean's BONUS GIFT & SAVINGS COUPON

☐ 31 issues \$19.97 (31/1) or 32 issues \$19.97 (32/1) and bill me later PLUS

☐ Canada map ☐ or ☐ World Map ☐ or ☐ 32 issues \$19.97 (32/1) or 32 issues \$19.97 (32/1) and bill me later PLUS BOTH MAPS

GET 2 EXTRA ISSUES FREE!
☐ 1 coupon \$12.97 for 33 issues PLUS

☐ 1 coupon \$19.97 for 33 issues PLUS BOTH MAPS

31 issues only \$12.97

(\$31 at newsstands, \$35.50 by reg. sub.)

52 issues only \$19.95

(\$32 at newsstands, \$36.00 by reg. sub.)

Name _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ Province _____
Postal Code _____

Love letters from out in right field

By Hal Quinn

It's a long drive by yourself from Montreal to West Palm Beach, Fla. The green Mercedes pulled into a tangle of gas stations and belted alongside another Mercedes, a white one. "If you're going all the way south, why don't you follow me?" the attractive young woman behind the wheel asked. It's Ella Valentine of the Montreal Expos. It seemed like a good idea, accurate and innocent. But for the so-far, four-inch outfielder trouble in his faithful puppy, always following close behind. And so, 800 km later, the Georgia night came alive, helicopters overhead trailing their searchlights as the garden Mercedes, the white one in the lead, the green behind. "I looked up through the sunroof and thought, 'What is this, C.H.I.P.?" It turned out that the white Mercedes was stolen, the woman driving it wanted on suspicion of murder. The weapon—the car. When the police stopped Valentine, the officer leaned on the green Mercedes and asked, "Where you going?" Valentine replied, "I'm just going to work."

His work is throwing baseballs from the outfield, farther, slower and straighter than almost anyone else, and hitting them as regularly as the game's best. Valentine's modest rebuttal: "It's only amazing to people who can't do it." But simple things become events in this 36-year-old life. "It's just that I'm big. I can't walk into a room without people noticing." He is noticed most often for appearing, or not appearing, at baseball parks across North America. In the past two seasons, the Expos of Montreal have played to the end of the season with the pennant of the eastern division of the National League still in sight. They have let towns in. As exhibition games began last week at their training camp in West Palm, 18 players were in uniform, with one conspicuous absentee from last year: Ron LeFlore. He was supposed to make the difference between second and first place last season. He wore 919, a club record. He now plays for the Chicago White Sox. Even without LeFlore, the Expos remain one of the most talented teams in baseball, and without him more notice will be paid to what the gentle giant in right

field does and doesn't do this season.

It was Sept. 21 last year, the pennant race capturing the nation. Living for a ball in the outfield at Busch Stadium in St. Louis, Valentine spanned his wrist. He did not play again. Privately and publicly he was maligned. Many felt that with Valentine playing, the Expos would have won the pennant. He was accused of faking his injury. "They [management] told me that at 30 per-



cent of my capacity I was better than most of the players in this league. I didn't like it. If I wasn't right, I didn't want to go out there and have the ball hit. My team-mates would expect things of me and I didn't want to let them down. That's the way I honestly feel, the way I've always felt, and I'm not going to change."

All Valentine had done prior to Sept. 21 was hit a .315 average, with 13



Outfielder Vance Valentine is a gorgeous talent mixed with his own temperament.

home runs and 67 runs batted in. After the first 40 games of last season he was the team's offensive leader but, in an earlier race against St. Louis, Roy Thomas threw him a fast ball. Valentine didn't duck in time, the pitch fractured his chinbone and Valentine missed the next 37 games. When he returned, with a football-like face mask protecting him, he hit five home runs and batted in 20 runs in 28 games. He then suffered a hip injury and played but barely batted during that last ball in St. Louis.

Through it all Valentine was doggedly pursued by the media, his every move "tracked." "I'd be asked a couple of questions and the next day there I am in the headlines." Nothing has changed. One day early this spring, Valentine didn't take batting practice. The next day the media had him being traded to the New York Yankees. A very private person living a very public life, Valentine has "thoughts of walking away from the game many times. It puts in you, it puts to everyone in baseball, not just the players. I'm not a press person, not a TV game. A lot of the guys said it, go after it. I don't."

Always a gifted athlete, always "bigger than the other kids," Valentine's baseball career started when "my

mother did something with my birth certificate so I could play with nine-year-olds when I was 7." Eyes brightening, flashing a smile that disarms everyone but Georgia polebans, Valentine says, "And I was a star." As a teenager he became one of the best high-school pitchers in the nation. "I just loved stepping there with my arm and winning the game with my bat." The Expos drafted him as a pitcher-first baseman bat, when he reported to camp with a limp from a seven-year injury, saying that would stay with him for years. "They put me in right field and I've been there ever since. I guess they didn't want to jeopardize their investment."

And he'll be there when the Expos try for the pennant again this season, lifting him from their seats as he throws out base runners with his awesome arm. ("I'd just love to be a pitcher again. That's what I'd really like.") But as the season goes along, on the field, in the clubhouse or at the wheel of his green Mercedes, Valentine knows that however successfully, harmlessly, "trouble" is likely not far behind. ♦

Eel-like agony in a B.C. pool

Inside Victoria, B.C.'s Crystal Pool, there is eel-like-seated paddlers, no Olympics to the joys of an early West Coast spring, hundreds of swimmers are diving one after another into night racing lanes. The crowd is shrinking. Coaches are standing tensely over stopwatchers, barking commands, while their afterglow obligingly bronzes, freestyle, crawl water and paddle back and forth. The long muscle-knotted first trial, then, episode, kicking up waves of angry pounding froth. The freshbaked waltz shoulders fall. It is the winter national championships, the most important event of the "short" (25-metre) course, and 480 swimmers are vying for the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association's gold medals.

The best in Canada, and one who may soon be the best in the world, are here Graham Smith, back from the University of Southern California to swim for the University of Calgary's Derek Skelling, in a muscular diploma given fat suit to swim in what surely must be his last year of competition. Pretty 16-year-old Nancy Gimpick, named swimmer of the year when she was just 16, is also back "home where I'm comfortable and happy" after three seasons. He had set a new Canadian record of 1:46.16 in the morning heat. Joking with his team-mates in the stands, Baumann stripped down to his goggles and wetsuit and stepped onto the block. When the

of the meet with a 2:06.94 time, making her the sixth fastest in the world. Among the household names, there's one that stands out in neon. The last Smith calls Canada's "best amateur swimmer" is a 16-year-old from Sudbury, Ont., named Alex Baumann.

Since Baumann began his career in 1973, following in the wake of older brother Roman (a 1976 Olympic team breaststroke), Canadian records have dropped before him like flies. A holder of 24 national and 38 provincial records across four age groups, Baumann is now going after the world's top swimmers. At an early January international swim meet in Gurneeville, Ill., Baumann outdistanced the American world record-holder Jessi Vainola and the Soviet champion Alexander Slobodkin to win



Smith (right) and Baumann: His discipline of practice requires someone special.



the 400-metre individual medley with a world best time of 4:18.51.

On the first night of the Victoria meet, Baumann stood patiently on deck in a warm-up suit and waited for an awards presentation to finish so he could swim the 200-metre freestyle. He had set a new Canadian record of 1:46.16 in the morning heat. Joking with his team-mates in the stands, Baumann stripped down to his goggles and wetsuit and stepped onto the block. When the

ger crashed, Baumann, slippery as a seal, broke his 100-metre record and swam to a win of 1:47.83. His new time is 54/100ths of a second off a world best. Some felt he could have done better. The next night he did. In his 100-metre race Baumann knocked almost three seconds off his world mark. He came flying home in 1:42.67, 2.44 seconds better than his Florida time and 21 seconds ahead of Edmonton's Jeff Rodde. "I'm going for the '84 Olympics," said the blue-eyed, blonde high-schooler with the newly pierced ear. Does he have any competition left in Canada? "Well, Smith is always there," he answers.

But Smith won't always be there. Nor will Campbell or Kimpel. Swimming is a cruel sport requiring absolute dedication, four or more hours of training

each day, and pool. And while Baumann has a shot at the Los Angeles Olympics in 1984, several of Canada's top contenders were robbed of their chance forever when the Moscow Games were boycotted last year. "It was a good idea at the time," says Smith, "but it didn't accomplish what it set out to do."

Every swimmer here has a goal. For some it is to better their own times—if only by a fraction of a second. And while the elite go after world records, many are happy to have qualified for this meet. Tim and Teresa Donna MacDonald, the sweetheart of the tiny Upper Canada Swim Club training out of Cornwall, Ont., nearly swam up with teenage when she found herself in a practice lane beside Smith. At 16, training just as hard as the big boys since she was eight years old, MacDonald qualified in two events for her first nationals. Her coach, Jack Clifton, was elated. "We don't have a 50-metre pool, a weight room or somebody taking blood counts three times a week," he says. "But Donna's tough." Referring to the three levels of training—hard, pain and agony. Clifton says, "If you can get people to swim at the agony level, then you've got something really going for you." —BARBARA MATTHEWS

Shaking a leg for fitness

Storefront dance studios are hoofing their way to the bank

By John Fustmann

"One Two Three Four!" On the floor of Teraparche, a Vancouver dance studio, three dozen young women dressed in leotards are seasoning the air with their legs. Back "v" roll move thumps. Muscles stretch. "All right," their instructor yells, "here we go with the arms!"

It's the latest vogue in the fitness craze, a hybrid bag of dance and calisthenics known as "danceercise," "jam exercise" or "aerobic dance." But whatever they call it, thousands of women and some men are now "taking from" someone, as the jargon would have it, huffing and puffing two or three times a week through hour-long sequences of muscle manipulation. Storefront dance exercise studios have sprung up like fast-food outlets in one three-block downtown Vancouver area, 12 have blossomed recently.

The Halifax Dance Corp. Association has more than doubled its enrollment since 1978. In Vancouver, Jan Zuk's Fitness Affairs has signed up more than 600 students in the past six months. Montreal's Dance Factory now needs larger premises, across Ontario Blanche Allen's Danceercise course has attracted more than 35,000 women, including Margaret Trudeau. Costs range from \$45 to \$100 for a 10-week program and profit figures encourage growth. Says Christine Chipperrfield, co-owner of the recently expanded Vancouver "We never dreamed it would take off like this."

Drawn by the music, the continuously



Chipperrfield (left), Scott (shown) in action: teachers set a rigorous pace

running classes and the neighborhood locations, students typically finish their "aerobic dance" after their first session. "At first I could hardly make it through," reports 22-year-old Deborah Dyer of Toronto. "I try to go two or three times a week. And you can bring a

friend, which is nice."

Dressing up adds to the appeal—and the price. A woman in tights (\$7 to \$15), matching leotard (\$16 to \$45), wool leg warmers (\$36) and running shoes (\$30 to \$60) has probably spent more on clothing than on the course itself. "The clothes are like a fashion show," reports Ken Scott, who operates three Danceercise studios in Toronto. "Macho men wear track pants and a T-shirt, dancer men wear tank tops and tight jeans pants. Some of the women's outfits are like light-ray condoms."

If fitness is the acknowledged selling point, sex appeal is the under-the-counter premise. Studio owners invariably begin with health, promotional posters feature pale beauties sweating languidly. The students themselves, mostly women between 20 and 30, apparently exercise to stay sleek, not to lose a few kilograms. Though most classes are 90-percent female, they may be a less than perfect place to meet women. Toronto film producer Peter Szand found the women in his session to be "particularly grim parents with a man to stay in shape. Besides, you can't talk to a woman when you're waiting for a heart attack."

Heart attacks aside, pulled muscles, acid spirits and back problems inevitably happen when students attempt too much too soon. Supervision can be spotty, because so licensing procedures restrict studio owners, exercise leaders often sport few credentials beyond a dance background, a stereo system and plenty of pep. Says Vancouver teacher Peter Pedersen of the Pedersen School of Dance: "You get people, you tell them to stand on their head. Then they say, 'Oh, I hurt myself.' You have to use common sense."

In fact, choosing a common-sense dance exercise program could be difficult. All use martial exertion, and many teachers use arcane theories about music and muscles to promote their classes. "You have to use the best of the music to get a choreographic use of the muscles," says Chipperrfield. Because competition is stiff, studio owners don't look kindly on their rivals. In Toronto, Ken Scott's lawyer is advising his two competitors for using the word Danceercise. Retorts Jerry Clyde of Toronto's Resendence Dance Studios: "Scott can't register the name Danceercise. It's like registering the name waltz."

Meanwhile, storefront dance studios are hoofing their way to the banks—at least until the next fitness fad comes along. Now that disco has passed on, it seems people still need a place to shake it as the call goes out, "Show me what's hot!" Think of lengthening, not stretching, the back! Ready? One, two, three!

With Alex from Carolyn Mochon.

BEHAVIOR

A boost to mental independence

For 10 years, Pat Cappelletti suffered from severe depression and was in and out of psychiatric institutions. While in a Montreal hospital, she tried through attempted rape and near murder at the hands of two inmates. When she moved to Toronto, she was still taking psychiatric drugs, from antidepressants to tranquilizers and sleeping pills. "My movements were really slow, and it took great effort to get out of bed," says Cappelletti. "My sister told me I looked like a zombie." Rather than become a chronic patient, she moved into a boarding house in Parkdale, a low-rent district near the Queen Street Mental Health Centre, with other psychiatric patients. That was three years ago. Now 31, she no longer takes any psychiatric drugs.

Two most-distracting factors in



Outpatient storefront: Cappelletti (left), stopping the revolving-door syndrome

Cappelletti's life were institutions, hospitals and drugs. They explain why last month she formed the Parkdale Patients Action Group and called on the approximately 5,000 outpatients in Metro Toronto to refuse all psychiatric drugs for a two-week period. The strike protest

the lack of provincial government response to a Metro Social Services report released last November recommending more and better housing, and community services for outpatients. Says Cappelletti: "In the last three years, I've been on at least 12 committees to try and help, but I have found a singular lack of urgency—people on the outside just don't understand."

The main thrust of the action group's campaign is to stop outpatient

Mandarin Napoleon

Some spirits are new and wonderful. You know them. You share them. Mandarin Napoleon. A noble marriage of mandarin and cognac. A European delight since 1892.

ALL SPIRITS ARE NOT CREATED EQUAL.

For a free color brochure with Mandarin Napoleon, P.O. Box 175, Plaza Bonaparte, Montreal, Quebec H2A 3U1



McPherson (centre) with outpatients; 'people must know what they are taking'

independence from institutions and medical supervision. "Patients need self-worth to be able to make their own decisions," says Don Weiss, an ex-psychiatric inmate. When they return to the mainstream, most receive either welfare or family benefits, which average about \$300 a month, and medication is free. But many become "voluntary-dear patients, with no will to stay out of hospital," Crippen says. Weiss, also a project co-ordinator of On Our Own, a three-year-old Toronto self-help association, believes patients lack support to make it. "Community services are a cruel joke. There are no 24-hour crisis centres."

To fight their dependence on drugs and institutions, many outpatients turn to self-help groups like On Our Own, which also operates a drop-in centre and others called The Mad Market. "We try to help people find a job and stand on their own two feet," says Weiss. Other avenues for expression are two publications written and produced by outpatients. The *Cuckoo's Nest*, a monthly newspaper, publishes patients' poetry and stories. *Phoenix Rising* is a quarterly that prints, among other things, information on psychiatric drugs. Editor and ex-mental patient Cathy McPherson says the publication doesn't advocate any particular therapy

or medication. "But we do think people should know what they are taking." Recent issues have included articles on women and drugs, and electroshock therapy.

By far the most pressing problem for outpatients is good housing. About half the Toronto outpatient population live in 68 overcrowded boarding houses in Parkdale. Crippen says that only eight of these appear on the Queen Street Mental Health Centre's recommended housing list. Weiss adds that many of the houses that impose curfews are like "mini-psychiatric institutions, and the apartment life is particularly by-the-book for the patients like him." One solution to the accommodation problem is Home-Link, a co-operative housing project of 50 units run by outpatients.

While Crippen is dubious about the strain's impact on the public, the boycott did influence some patients. Of the 5,000 outpatients, 80 went on strike, along with two at the Mental Health Centre. One inmate was Dennis MacKenzie, who was told to take his pills or leave. He left. "They are now questioning the use of drugs," says Crippen, "and asking if there is another way, a different therapy." This is exactly the kind of result the action group was hoping for. She adds, "If we are going to get anywhere, we have to do it ourselves."

—BARBARA MACKAY

INTELPOST DOCUMENT TRANSMISSION SERVICE



HALFORD
MONTREAL
OTTAWA
TORONTO
WINNIPEG
CALGARY
EDMONTON
VANCOUVER
ENGLAND
SWITZERLAND
THE NETHERLANDS
NEW YORK
WASHINGTON D.C.

13 business centres in Canada, Europe and the U.S. —just seconds apart.

IntelPost can electronically transmit
your documents as cnsip black and
white facsimiles—in just seconds.

IntelPost Document Transmission Service is the clearest integration of space-age satellite and microwave technology with the latest high-speed facsimile equipment. In just seconds any document, plan, drawing, design, graphic or anything that can be photocopied (up to legal size) can be sent and received in any one of 13 IntelPost Centres in Canada, Europe and the U.S. Surprisingly, the cost is a modest \$4.00 per page anywhere in Canada and only one additional dollar internationally. Compare not only its low cost and speed

with any telexline or courier service, but IntelPost also the high quality of reproduction.

Once you have experienced the speed, accuracy and efficiency of IntelPost, you'll agree that it is the ideal high-speed courier service, free from errors of transmission, weather delays, failure of transportation equipment or customer tardiness. You are invited to visit your local IntelPost Centre for a free demonstration. Simply bring along this ad or your letterhead with your signature and we will transmit it to Toronto and back, confirming the transmission time (Toronto demonstration to London). If it is an investment for you to visit your local IntelPost Centre for a demonstration, simply fill in and mail this coupon for a free detailed brochure.

Business pressures are such that I find I cannot drop in for a free demonstration. However, I would like a copy of your new brochure outlining the IntelPost Service in detail.
(Complete coupon and mail to: IntelPost Marketing, Corporate Post, Downsview, Ontario M3H 5Y2.)



A COMBINED SERVICE OF CANADA POST/
TELEGRAPH CANADA/INTELCORP. TELECOMMUNICATIONS

IntelPost Into facsimile: Edmonton, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa,
Montreal, Halifax, Vancouver, Seattle, London, New York,
and Washington, D.C.

Contact your local Canada Post or INTELPOST office for further information or
to locate the IntelPost Centre in your area.

NAME _____ PHONE _____
COMPANY _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ PROV _____ POSTAL CODE _____

INTELPOST—BUSINESS WORLDS. SECONDS APART.

Enjoy
the Magic
of Superb
Theatre

Stratford

The 29th Season June 15 - October 31

Mobius
The Misanthrope
Shakespeare
Coriolanus
The Taming of the Shrew
The Comedy of Errors
Gilbert and Sullivan's
ILMIS, Pinaflore
Richard Bradley Sherrard's
The Rivals
Frederick Cornwell's
The Visit
John G. Koefie's
Wild Outs

Just and Pop openings through July and
August in The Festival Theatre

How to Order Tickets

Complete season information is
available in our brochure. For your
complimentary copy write:
"BROCHURE" Stratford Festival,
Stratford, Ontario, Canada N5A 6V2
or telephone

Toll free from Toronto

364-8355

Box office open now for mail orders.
Telephone orders accepted from
April 25th (Visa & Mastercard holders
only).

Tickets also available at all Ticketron
and BASS outlets from April 25th

**Avoid disappointment this year,
order early for best choice of
seats and dates.**



What good is electricity if there is nothing to light up.

Some new light on an old management
problem.



When Edison sat down to invent the light bulb he had his work cut out for him. He had to back up a few steps to perfect his power source before he could even start on the light bulb. The result was the invention of the electric generator. Once he de-bugged that system, he could set his sights on inventing the light bulb. And the rest is history.

Systemhouse. The computer innovator.

In many ways we work the same way at Systemhouse. But with computer systems for the businessman. We study the problem. Investigate the systems available. And then with a little innovation. A little perspiration. A little inspiration. And the best minds in the business, we solve the problem. Implement the solution. Train the people to operate the hardware. And follow up.

What sets us apart, sets you apart.

Systemhouse is in the business of designing and building computer software systems to satisfy the information needs of our clients. As the largest company of its kind in Canada, we employ over 700 people in Canadian cities from coast to coast, as well as Washington D.C.



We develop custom systems for specific business applications, as well as delivering specialty products for the manufacturing, hospital, distribution and cartography industries.

Because part of our service is consulting and because we don't have a vested interest in a particular product, we can stand back and give you our best judgement of what computer system is really best for you.

In other words, we can bridge the gap between what computers can offer and what

you need from computers.

We make it sound so easy.

We take the hard work for granted: the bright ideas we do more than pluck out of the air. Our commitment to innovation and research is substantial:

Last year alone we invested more than \$7.9 million in research and development to find new ways of using computers. That required a commitment of 158 Systemhouse man years.

This research and development investment is one reason why we constantly come up with clear solutions to complex management problems. And why we can handle problems as difficult and varied as running a hospital, co-ordinating a complex manufacturing process, or keeping track of 25,000 freight cars spread out over a continent.

A computer is only human.

A computer is only as good as the designer, the implementor



and the operator. It's only a machine. The best system in the world is no solution unless all these aspects are right. That's why a lot of thought goes into a Systemhouse system before it arrives as well as after.

If you've been avoiding computers because you don't understand them, or if your computer solution has become your management problem, take heart.

Remember that Systemhouse is one resource in Canada that really bridges the gap between what you need and what a computer can provide. Talk to us. We love explaining things.



Systemhouse Ltd.

Because computers
are only human.

Head office: 59 Bank St., Ottawa, Ontario K1P 6B9 (613) 236-9734
Vancouver • Edmonton • Calgary • Winnipeg • London • Toronto • Montreal • Halifax • Washington



SUPER, NATURAL

BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

Classic Summer: Sunset on a guest ranch. A cruise down ocean trails. Hiding out at a Gold Rush ghost town with a few old friends. Or slowly edging into natural hot springs. Ahh, a stay at a fishing lodge or at a suite in the midst of Vancouver's mountains and harbour. Packages of experiences that live up to your vision of a vacation. And at very reasonable rates. Summer in Super, Natural British Columbia. Classic.

For more information on our vacation packages just ask your travel agent or write: TOURISM BRITISH COLUMBIA, Dept. 900, 1117 Wharf St., Victoria, British Columbia, Canada V8W 2Z2.



TRAVEL

Islands in the Sun



Trouble clouds the horizon in paradise

By Thomas Hopkins
and Jane O'Hara

In the ministry of railways at Henshall airport, a CP Air jumbo took to the sky. Along with the odd airplane smell of alcohol and fatigue, the plane exhales 400 Canadians whose as bequeathed wheels, awkward to winter slush and already showing a cellophane sheen of sweat on their faces. They bump, shuffle and low like cattle as they wait for bags. Then, almost unnoticed, two girls, some clerks from Saskatoon, change into their slat dresses. An orchid appears in the hair. A smile is exchanged. A vacation has begun on an island in the sun.

Last year, almost 800,000 Canadians touched their winter coats in the nearest snowbank and headed south to the islands. For westerners, that unforgivingly meant Hawaii. For northerners, the word vacation was made flesh in the Bahamas, Bermuda or on a Caribbean island like Barbados, where the sun is poured with a heavy cellophane head, where the beaches feel like baby powder, and where, on any morning, at least one group of Canadians can be found tanned into Eric LaRue and the CBC radio news before going out to snorkel.



Sunset at Barbados flags poverty in the streets of Kingston, Jamaica. (Top right) Jamaican police rescue wounded man, as sacred as Hockey Night in Canada

In recent months, however, tourism has dropped on the island, chasing tropical officials into a restrained panic. "What kind of bad stories have you been writing about us up there?" asked one tour agent in St. Lucia fumed with an awesome vocabulary rate. In Hawaii, whose airline landings have slipped nine per cent this year, the much-reported increase in crime (see box, page 46) has caused Canadians to think

twice about spending their tourist dollars down among the sheltering hanks in the Caribbean—a geopolitical paper pot where Third World problems of unemployment, poverty and political unrest are making tourists edgy—things are much the same. According to tourism officials there, the heady 35- to 15-per-cent annual growth rates of the '70s have dwindled due to rising air fares, hotel and food prices. "These people could be pricing themselves right out of business," said Cyril Warner, a Winnipeg civil servant, who with his wife spent \$4,000 in two weeks on Barbados.

To many Canadians, a winter holiday is still as sacred a fix as Hockey Night in Canada and never more so than during the spring school break—traditionally the biggest vacation binge of them all. According to Gordon Osborne, a Toronto travel agent, "If clients want to know two things," he said, "Are they guaranteed sunshine? And, how much does it cost?" But, although sun, sand

Photo: Michael O'Leary

and surf on the islands continue to be more of a story than a Canada Savings Bond, most Canadians returning from the islands paint a cloudier picture. All is not perfect in paradise, after all.

It is another impossible evening in Barbados. The sun is down, the moon up and the scent of so much tropical flora is in the air that it seems even the pita salad must be in bloom. Above it all, on the open veranda of a hillside restaurant overlooking Bridgetown's harbor, Frank Brown, a 46-year-old hairdresser from Brambleton, Ont., sits transfixed. As his coffee cools under the Royal palm, Brown might easily be mistaken for a master player dispatched to the tea farm in the boy of the British raj. But when he summons the check, the dyll begins to fade. Like most Canadians holidaying in the Caribbean these days, Brown must pay for his fantasy, even if it means getting it on credit.

"I love it here," says Brown, who spent \$3,000 in two weeks on the island.

Just rain forest of Martinique. Flipping aboard the eight-wheeler islander aircraft at Barbados airport, they explained their obsession. "We work only so that we can holiday," said Yoon, a butcher. "This trip to Barbados will cost us about \$3,500 for two weeks. We want to go to Martinique just to have a look, since we are planning a trip there next year."

On the Jolly Roger cruise ship, where the rum punch is legendary and everything including sex in the crew's rest is banned, Sandra Caldwell, 24, of Toronto has just been married by a mock captain's effort to a vacationing British soldier she has barely been introduced to. Her sister Cathy, 33, is declared as a married coffee bean, looks as "We've blown about \$2,500 down here," she says, "and it's been worth every penny." But Caldwell's enthusiasm is not con-

along with higher prices, they are beginning to have an effect on the once unassailable loyalty Canadians felt toward Caribbean islands. Over the past 26 years the east Caribbean—a string of 13 major islands—has been the beneficiary of more than \$200 million in Canadian foreign aid and \$1 billion in private Canadian investment.

From his small office, not 90 metres from the sound of the soft-banking surf, Patrick Hinch, the Barbados director of tourism, keeps watch on Caribbean tourism statistics the way a cardiologist monitors a heartbeat. Outside, under a fern sea, visitors in their \$60-a-day rented cars tour the island's mass of seamounts arteries. In the northern stretch of the island, where the cane is as high as an elephant's eye and the annual rural wage drops dramatically by

Tony Gabriel with family (below): Most condominiums, like New York townhouses



Burdett, Chenoweth and Moonhead beer

while his wife "stayed here with the dogs." But since his first visit 18 years ago, he has noticed a change. "At first, it was nothing but the heat of service. Now, half the people are buying their asses far as. The other half don't want us. It's just not the same."

The message is clear, be it from a Toronto couple complaining about a 39 plate of spaghetti, or from Ottawa's Rough Rider Tony Gabriel, who described the \$1,500 (per week) apartment he had rented as "a dump." Paradise doesn't come cheap these days. Prices for package tours to the Caribbean have increased by as much as 94 per cent over the past five years. Of course, there are always those who will fly in the face of all economic intelligence. Two such people are Renee Pilon and her boy-friend, Yoon Blanchette, of St. Dennis, Que., who recently spent \$250 to tour the ritzy brie-a-brie boutiques and the vari-

ously shared. "We came here to get tanned, not burned," said Cindy Carson, 24, of Thornhill, Ont., who filed off a library of complaints about the island, including one that she and her husband had \$200 stolen while sunning on the beach. By comparison with Carole and David Mackie of Toronto, the Carsons get off easy. The Mackies had come to Barbados this year after trying for two years of holidays in the political tension of Jamaica (where, for the first 30 months of 1980, the murder rate skyrocketed to 345 from 250 the previous year). "We had heard Barbados was the safest island of all," said Carole, "but the first night, here we woke up and found a burglar in our room. I spent the rest of the week with a knot in my stomach. Next year we may try Florida."

Insults like these can happen anywhere, of course. But increasingly,

from the \$2,000 earned yearly by Bajan urban dwellers, Tereusian Graham Carson is confronted by a group of well-dressed schoolchildren who call him "honky" and "clear eyes." Carson's anger is anything but muted. "I said a big back to come here, but not to be insulted," he says. On the party beaches, black Bajan boys sell their sexual wares like oral trunks. A few faded blondes are buying, other women are bothered by the constant propositioning. Hinds is aware of all the nagging complaints of tourists, although, as is the case of Shinkston's Tim

BILL McVEAN FOR P.M.!

3:00-6:30 PM MON-FRI



As you drive through the thickest traffic, remember: He Speaks for You! Preparing dinner? You'll cook better knowing He Stands for More Fun in Every Kitchen! Wants Bill going to do about the economy? Listen to his financial comments. Races? Sports?

He'll get you results. And Bill's a firm person. **Bob Hensbeth** with him.

Bring your news and commentary **Ray Goodford** has the weather under control. **Henry Shannon** is up there with anyone's traffic reports. And there shall be music and guests and laughs. We but what about Western Australia? Worry not. He'll keep you rolling to Monmouth and Beyond!



CFRB 1010
THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO

Beachcomber—who mused that he missed his TV—there is little Hinds can do about it.

That Barbados is considered one of the safest islands in the Caribbean is obvious to anyone who has read reports of the terrorist bombings in Martinique or of the recent kidnappings of a wealthy American couple in poverty-ridden Dominica which precipitated a state of emergency on the island. It is also relatively affluent compared with an island like Haiti, where a package deal can be had cheap, but where the beckoning of street crime can be enough to put high-fiving tourists of their business. Dominica itself, given all Barbados has to offer as a Robinson Crusoe fantasy land, tourism has not expanded according to plan. In 1980, tourists brought in \$470 million but was up only 2 per cent over 1979, while the government was banking on a 16-per-cent hike. In 1979, 83,000 Canadians made their way to Barbados—more than any other nationality including Americans—but in 1980 the numbers had dropped to 84,834. "We don't see much of a change for '81," says Hinds gloomily.

Trouble in paradise

It is 8 a.m. on a still Sunday in the town of L'Anse au Lard on the verdant Redouan Island of Kona. Already the equatorial sun presses on the face and the heat is like a blow deep in the chest. A lone four-wheel drive cruises down the desert road straight down. Suddenly, an Hawaiian youth dashes from the passenger window and screams, "F---ing f---ers!" to the knot of startled tourists. The truck pauses and pretty teenage girls in the back cover their faces and giggle.

For the visitor to Hawaii, it is not the words that are disturbing but their juxtaposition with the calm and peace he thought he had found. The scene is a somewhat symbol for the new dirty side of the secret of island tourism: violent crime. Although the vast majority of Canadians travelling to the tropical islands in Pacific Islands are tourists, and scarcely numbers they pay for, increasing numbers are experiencing the demoralizing nightmare of petty thievery, assaults and worse. Hawaii has too often become a trouble spot in paradise for some Canadian tourists.

In January 1980, Roger Chapman, an Aldershot, B.C., beekeeper, and his family were attacked for no reason by 10 young Hawaiians at a campsite on Kona. Chapman was brutally beaten. The only man charged was acquitted.

• Also in January, Robert Sparrowson, 39, from Prince Rupert, B.C., was shot

on two islands like Barbados, Bermuda and the Bahamas have little to complain about compared with the perilous state of the industry on other islands. In Grenada and St. Vincent, tourism was so lighted last year that officials stopped putting out statistics for the first time, since tourists away in Grenada, a volcanic paradise of unparalleled beauty, Cuban financing and manpower is helping to build a new airport which will reportedly restore the tourist trade. But, at present, the People's Revolutionary army of Maurice Bishop, which came to power in a military coup in 1979, is doing little to en-

courage tourism. "We haven't been able to sell a seat there for two months," said Brian Warnock, a tour guide with Island Boppers in Barbados. The last group we sent there was upset when Cuban soldiers carrying Russian rifles stepped them from photographing Grand Etang, one of the main tourist attractions.

In Western Canada, the traditional loyalty to Hawaii is also being sorely tested. One sign—the two inter-island airlines, Aloha and Hawaiian, are off 3.8 and 13.3 per cent respectively. "Travel to Hawaii from this area [Calgary] is off this year," says Bobbi Hildebrand, president of the Alliance of Canadian Travel Associations. While island officials pri-

marily blame the drop on a recession in the American Midwest, and while last year saw as many Canadian Hawaiians as the previous year, there is no doubt that recent violent crimes are making many Canadians rethink that five-hour jumbo jet ride to the sun.

The men who do go are an independent crew. Fully 67 per cent of Canadian visitors to the neck of eight major Hawaiian islands are so-called Free and

Easy: hour-long walks and ocean swims



easy. In Hawaii, land prices spiralled and up to four million transient tourists a year swamped the state's multiracial population of about six million. Native Hawaiians, who are losing their beaches and digging farther into the minority as more mainland whites move permanently to the island, find the newcomers a nuisance for their anger. Worse, there is a disturbing tolerance of the violence by otherwise peaceful Hawaiians, quiet at the loss of their heritage to rich off-islanders.

Just two weeks ago, a group of Japanese tourists had barely arrived at the Honolulu airport when their bus was blocked by armed gunmen and their cashiers stolen before they were released. But, Hawaii is not that violent on the islands is as worse than anywhere else in the U.S. and, by using the same common sense tourists would employ at home, visitors can avoid trouble. Says Elsie Pratt, 38, from Terrace, B.C., who has lived in Honolulu off and on for four years, "I've never had any problems. I wouldn't live here if I had."

Mary sees the culprit as the rosy Goanish vision of grass hats, smiling natives and trade winds sold in the glossy brochures of the Hawaiian Visitors Bureau. "Hawaii never was a paradise," insists Ron Youngblood, newspaper writer and editor of the weekly *Kona Star*. "Most of the green you see on Maui today was planted." Says Norm MacDonald, manager of Maui's Constitution Motel & Resort, "The bad press doesn't mean we all over had a thing if a major people come here a little prepared."



Independent Travelers (ICIT), represented in package tours, even at reduced tariffs. Their mean ages is 41, their income a robust \$45,000 to \$50,000, although they spend only \$25 (U.S.) a day compared to \$94 for Americans or \$770 for the Japanese.

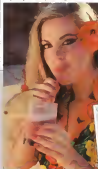
As many as 150,000 of the sun-seeking Canadians will end up on the fish-shaped island of Maui, 80 minutes by plane from Honolulu. With only 18 traffic lights and a permanent population of 60,000, the volcano-dominated island spreads out its wires for the older tourist, eight lush golf courses, some 100 luxury condominiums, and places a resort area such as Kaanapali and starting scenery like the honeymoon drive to the rain forest village of Haunui for Kenneth Guest, retired insurance salesman from Nanaimo, B.C., down for six weeks. Hawaiian tones include an hour-long walk and ocean swims before breakfast and the only conversation of friends he has made over the 12 years he has been coming to the island. For Burtie's weekend, installer Eli Berdetti, who has visited Maui six years in a row, the main attraction is the swimming in pristine waters. Another attraction is watching fertility. The disturbing recent-

Crone, Sandra and Cathy Connel on the Jolly Roger (above). Pina and Blanche checking out Martinique. Bajan boys sell their sexual wares like coral trinkets.

Crone, Sandra and Cathy Connel on the Jolly Roger (above). Pina and Blanche checking out Martinique. Bajan boys sell their sexual wares like coral trinkets.

Crone, Sandra and Cathy Connel on the Jolly Roger (above). Pina and Blanche checking out Martinique. Bajan boys sell their sexual wares like coral trinkets.

Crone, Sandra and Cathy Connel on the Jolly Roger (above). Pina and Blanche checking out Martinique. Bajan boys sell their sexual wares like coral trinkets.



Pratt (above), Japanese tourists (right) enjoy with Hawaii's beautiful beaches.



Honolulu Mayor Frank Fasi journeyed to Vancouver in September to restore the point. Significantly, however, he made the trip after being elected by the majority by a low-and-order candidate. But Canadian families affected by the violence—the Evans, Chapmans and Milnes—have nonetheless launched a letter-writing campaign urging Hawaiian officials to adopt measures to curb crime.

Crime, and not just the variety that involves tourists, exploded on the eight islands of Hawaii during the 1970s with acts of violence. For example, in the past two years on the island of Oahu the number of murders has almost doubled. Sense of the social disruption is no doubt due to the explosion of growth in the past decade when crime counts became less with foreign-owned cor-

Low profile design. High profile sound.

That's Panasonic for you!

Indicators glow when an FM or AM station is precisely tuned in. Dolby® reduces noise on cassettes and the 28 cm (11") record player is fully automatic. Includes a pair of famous Panasonic speaker systems. The new SR-3000, at only 33.5 cm (13 1/2") high, is our newest dimension in high profile home stereo. Hear all about it at your Panasonic dealer.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.



Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time



National Museums of Canada

National Gallery of Canada

A National Museum of Canada

The Trustees of the National Museums of Canada expect in the next few months to recommend a Director of the National Gallery of Canada to succeed Dr. Heo Yen Shih who has resigned. Interested candidates and those wishing to make nominations are asked to write to the Secretary-General, National Museums of Canada before June 1, 1991.

The Board of Trustees is responsible for recommending candidates to the Canadian Government which makes the final decision.

Preference will be given to candidates with Canadian experience in the visual arts.

Reply

National Gallery Search Committee
c/o Office of the Secretary-General
National Museums of Canada
300 Laurier Avenue West
Ottawa Ontario K1A 0M8

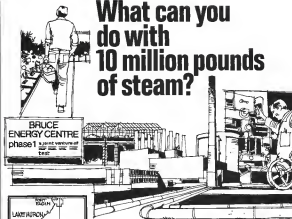
Canada

out of her hair (originally filmed a short distance away). After an icy swim ("I only bring Canadians here," laughed a deeply tanned McKensan), cheese and bread are passed around. Everywhere, staid and jumbled, something is growing and pushing from the cold-red soil.

For the planet and the single, there is sensuality of another sort. At 3:30 in the heavy morning darkness, visibly embraces are engaged, outside the Observatory Disco in Knapen down the Knaai coast. Silk dresses cling to legs in the damp and bodies are twined over leaders of parked cars. As he leaves, Uwe Rosting, 32, an armed forces captain stationed in Sagelhof, Biele, says with exasperation: "It almost drove me crazy. I met five girls and their names all started with L." A weary Observatory owner, Lyman Isokemate, watches. "It's the vacation atmosphere," he shrugs as headlights cut into the fat surf across the street. "You're never going to see these people again."

As in the Caribbean, not everyone is pleased, however. Colleen Nicolson, 31, and Maya Desnoe, 41, of Vancouver Island's Port McNeill, smile wryly as their first vacation without kids in seven years, find Hawaiian service snooty and the battlements of Maui condominiums like tenements on New York's lower east side. The Canadian seniors of some of those condominiums might be equally unhappy, pondering the fact that about 5,000 condos are now languishing in a flat resale market. Still, they might take comfort watching surfers break the windblown crests of Maui's D.T. Piercing Point, while above beach middle-aged tourists in basketball hats and clip-on sunglasses turn and lower themselves into the vast moving flat of Japanese mini-cars that ring the islands like a carousel. (Budget alone has 900 cars on Maui.) On their way back to Lahaina, Kaneohe, Wailea or any of the other gorgeous vowel-chained Hawaiian towns, preparing for home, the visitor can stop and pick up a Volkswagen Sun at the local grocery store—to check the weather.

At Honolulu airport on the way back to winter, a lady surreptitiously checks a tax by comparing it to the whiteness on the underside of her arm. It is a comic contention, but she appears to be pleased. Others poke the sunbather's net tops of feet and backs, moving delicately as if the slightest prick would cause the flesh to buckle and crack. A small group stands rooted in a least disarming bar of sunlight, faces upturned like flowers. Like summer camp, new near-islands, such as Winapege's Coc Westers, water pale afloat and animals float off the place as if they were Maracas. The revolving dance audiences jostle all obstacles. For heat and fragrance and islands in the sun.



Greenhouses of the Bruce

About a postage stamp the Ontario Energy Corporation and a group of private investors initiated a project called the Bruce AgriPark. A one-acre experimental greenhouse, using a boiler system to simulate the temperatures heat from the Bruce Nuclear Generating Station is now in production. Plans call for 150 acres of greenhouses.

Steps for industrial development:

The Energy Park
The availability of nuclear process steam for industrial uses opened the concept one step further. We and our partners in the Bruce AgriPark joint venture are now

What can you do with 10 million pounds of steam?

You can heat industrial parks, greenhouses and fish-farms more economically and reliably than with fossil fuels.

proceeding with the development of an industrial park adjacent to the Bruce Nuclear Power Station.

Nuclear generated steam offers substantial savings to energy intensive industries currently using fossil fuels to meet their energy requirements.

Reliable, Economical Energy
Uranium energy is indigenous to Ontario and can be produced year round at a reliable and economical cost. Use of the uranium energy produced by the Bruce Nuclear Power Development alone can save Ontario an equivalent of \$5,000 barrels of oil per day.

The Energy Park. Just one way the

Ontario Energy Corporation works to reduce Ontario's dependence on oil and gas.



Ontario Energy Corporation

1200 Bay Street, 11th Floor, Toronto
M5R 2M6

An agency of the Province investing in energy for the people of Ontario

Out, out, damned spots

Canada lags behind the U.S. effort to eradicate measles



By Lila Gueffon

The four-year-old boy was already severely ill when admitted to Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children with classic symptoms of encephalitis: extreme lethargy, fever and dilated pupils, then severe convulsions and, finally, coma. During the night, the child began to experience cardiovascular collapse, by morning he was dead of cardiac arrest. "All this," said Dr. Crawford Anglin, a pediatrician at Sick Children's, "because he hadn't had a 50-cent shot of vaccine." The encephalitis had developed out of a simple case of red measles (rubella), caught from his older sister 18 days earlier.



Shapiro: frustration with politicians

and the public's perception of the disease appear to have impeded a similar campaign.

The American results prove that measles can be controlled. An all-time low of 53,639 cases was reported in 1980, with only six measles deaths (a 99.5-per-cent decline from pre-vaccine years before 1963). With 75 per cent of American counties now measles-free, health authorities in the U.S. are optimistic about meeting their target date. "We are at the stage now where one case of

measles represents an epidemic," says Dr. Alan Herman, director of immunization at the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, Ga.

In contrast, Canada, with less than one-tenth of the population of the U.S., registered 12,047 cases of measles in 1980, almost as many as the entire U.S. Much of the blame for the high Canadian figure has been ascribed to an ineffective "killed" vaccine that was administered to thousands of children in the late 1960s, after a more potent "live" vaccine was abandoned for causing severe reactions. The killed vaccine, in which the virus had been chemically inactivated but still stimulated the production of antibodies, demonstrated its weakness in the Canadian measles epidemic of 1979, when 24,823 cases were reported. But as epidemiological studies were slowly turned in from across Canada, another, more liable culprit began to emerge: low immunization levels in provinces after provinces. According to Dr. Stanley Acres of the Laboratory Centre for Disease Control (LCDC) in Ottawa, about half the cases in the 1979 epidemic were children under 10 years of age, who were too young ever to have received the ineffective vaccine of the late 1960s.

Today's measles vaccine is live but attenuated, or thinned. However, a vaccine's capacity to protect the stricken community depends not only on how effective it is but on how many children receive it. And according to the American experience, even efficiently run voluntary programs reach only 70 per cent of the susceptible population. "Measles just doesn't have a high floor appeal," explains Herman. Consequently, only compulsory immunization seems to keep the red spots at bay.

The major factor in the success of the American immunization program has been its school-entry legislation that prevents children from being admitted to public schools without proof of immunization. But the idea has drawn little support in Canada. Last year, when the National Advisory Committee on Immunization (NACI) asked the provincial health ministers if they were in favor of school-entry legislation, the answer was "one yes, eight nos and a maybe," according to Dr. Alastair Clayton, NACI member and head of LCDC's Ottawa laboratory. But without any financial levers to pull in its design of the provinces, the National Advisory Committee on Immunization is just what its name implies: advisory.

And that advice is obviously not well-heeded by the health ministries in most of Canada's 10 provinces, whose spokesmen explain that immunization must remain voluntary; they say, because anything more is "coercive," "conspiracy" and a basic violation of

Decriminalization of Marijuana. Let's understand all of the issues before it gets carved in tablets of stone.

Sometime in 1984, the House of Commons will debate a bill which will decriminalize the possession of marijuana.

If this legislation is subsequently passed into law, the act of possessing marijuana will be changed from a crime to a simple misdemeanor.

Which means something like a traffic ticket instead of a jail sentence if you're caught.

While the bill does not entirely legalize the act of smoking grass, the vast majority of people will interpret it as if it did.

After all, if you can practically carry it, you can smoke it.

And if you can smoke it, you can get stoned out of your mind on it.

Which brings us to the one discordant note in an otherwise humanitarian change in the law.

The Traffic Injury Research Foundation of Canada has irrefutable research findings obtained in a recent study of fatal highway accidents proving that one of every eight victims had been using cannabis.

In our book, this proves the popular belief that grass doesn't interfere with psychomotor response is wrong.

Dead wrong. Grass can kill on the highway just as lethally as alcohol can.



Allstate's position on this life and death matter is simple.

It's not our business to be either for or against decriminalization of marijuana.

That's up to Parliament.

But it is our business to be against needless death and injury on the

highways. From where we sit, we have a horrifying first-hand view of the increasing waste of life and money caused by road accidents and we know it has to be stopped.

So before Parliament passes a bill that may cause a road injury hauled as serious as that of alcohol, let's at least understand and discuss the issues.

Let's ask ourselves and our elected representatives if we have enough facts to justify such a far reaching move at this time.

If, in our enthusiasm for freeing young people from the stigma of a criminal record, we aren't at the same time condemning them to a self-inflicted death.

And equally to the point, if laws as they apply to cannabis should not be changed to mirror existing statutes that provide stiff penalties for carrying open bottles of liquor or beer in a motor vehicle.

Allstate urges you to consider

these issues.

Before they get carved in tablets of stone.

Allstate
A company with roots



GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THE GREAT DANE!

Peter Heering has been a Danish sensation since 1838. Here are some exciting ways to enjoy it.

PETER HEERING and
Teat: over 20 colors
in still glass, pour
1 part Peter Heering,
2 parts mineral water and
the juice of 1/2 lemon.

PETER HEERING
and Sekt: stir one
cubic in small luscious
glass pour 1 part
Peter Heering and
1 part Sekt wine.

PETER HEERING
and Sekt: stir one
cubic in small luscious
glass pour 1 part
Peter Heering and
1 part Sekt wine.

Chilled straight from the
refrigerator or in the
cocktail that brings out its
delicious flavor and
rich bouquet.

PETER HEERING

Brewed and aged in 144 countries

Spectacular family vacations at Mont Ste Marie Resort start right here!

Is the summer vacation plus whole family not
enough at Mont Ste Marie Resort? Discover the
excitement of beautiful mountain scenery and fresh
air as you go! Play tennis, swim or just relax on
Mont Ste Marie's sandy beaches.

Mont Ste Marie Resort offers contemporary
accommodation with special children's rates as
well as a convenient daycare centre. Guests
receive discounts on food and beverage items.
Whether it's a week or a weekend! Mont Ste Marie
Resort is your best vacation value in the southern
United States and receive your
Summer Vacation Kit.

Write today for a
Mont Ste Marie Vacation
Kit. No obligation. Send
this to:
Mont Ste Marie Resort
Box 100
Mont Ste Marie, Quebec

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____

Phone _____

Card _____

Card _____

Card _____

Card _____

Card _____

Card _____

Card _____

Onlyed in from Ottawa/Hull



Michael, the real issue is money

fundamental freedoms. Dr. Joseph Jones, medical officer of health in Windsor, Ont., says emphatically: "We would be failing in our job, which is to educate the public, if we had to force people to be inoculated."

In Toronto, a school-entry resolution was promptly made policy in 1978 by Toronto's city council, only to be vetoed by the Ontario ministry of health. "It's frustrating," says Jack Shapiro, chairman of the board of health, "to have had much a favorable reaction from the community on the resolution and the full support of the medical profession, and then to have the cops across the street in Queen's Park maintain their opposition to compulsory immunization."

For sure, the question of compulsory immunization obscures the issue of funding. Dr. Richard Mathias, an epidemiologist with the British Columbia ministry of health, points out that Canada has had compulsory immunization with smallpox since 1908. "What is at issue," says Mathias, "is political courage. No government in Canada has made the commitment to eliminate measles, and that commitment means, more than anything else, money." The funding is needed for the manpower and resources to immunize not only school children, but also for thousands of other children still susceptible. Current immunization levels guarantee, warns Mathias, that measles will again become epidemic in Canada, "maybe not every two years as in the past, but surely every five to seven years."

Despite the apparent success of the American attempt to eliminate measles, a profound skepticism still lingers in Canada about compulsory vaccination. But the dangers of measles are too pressing to ignore. As Mathias explains: "It is a risk and a gamble—but even if we fail, we should try. Not to do so is cowardice of the first magnitude."

JUSTICE

Closing the apartment door to bad risks

Two landlord associations blacklist delinquent tenants

By Ann Walmsley

David Shoemuth believes his life has been threatened by enraged tenants five times—often enough so that he carries a 20-gauge shotgun. The Barrie hospital chap has been a small-time landlord for only three years, but his frustrating experience with a delinquent tenant, who called him to lose \$11,500 and sell his rental triplex, has thrust him into a battle for landlords' rights. Last year, Shoemuth founded the Ontario Landlords' Association (OLA), representing more than 1,100 members, which is now gaining in momentum and impact. The majority are attracted by the association's blacklist of 2,000 delinquent tenants and more specifically, welfare recipients. Says Shoemuth: "What we landlords would like to do with all these welfare recipients is put them on Three Mile Island and let them dig out the radioactive material."

The Ontario Landlords' Association's support of tenants as social assistance and the creation of a blacklist began in December, 1979, as a lobbying tactic for the right to guarantee welfare tenants' cheques when they repossess the rent, and to sue for arrears. Shoemuth claims that many of the province's 116,000 welfare recipients are defaulting, and until the Family Benefits Act is altered to protect the landlords, they are hamstringing.

The blacklist, or "reference list," as the OLA prefers to call it, records the tenant's name and the code of the landlord who reported him. Landlords pay up to \$100 for the membership and access to the list. Although the tenant's transgression is not identified, the fact that he's on the list suggests he's a bad tenant, guilty of either delinquency or vandalism.

Landlord and tenant lawyers say the very existence of a list creates a climate of fear among tenants. "The usual right of a tenant to withhold rent in order to negotiate with the landlord to make a repair disappears," says Ken Hale, staff lawyer at Toronto Hot Line in Toronto. Jane Robinson, 31, a Barrie mother who was on Family Benefits until recently, says: "The way I got on the blacklist was refusing to pay the rent until the landlord fixed the plugged-up

toilet and sink. He didn't. I moved out, and then he blacklisted me. I've been to nine or 10 different apartments and have been told at some, 'Sorry, you're on the blacklist.'"

Fueled by the support from landlords in the province and elsewhere in Canada, Shoemuth is now facing a crisis in his operation: the four battle between lobbying activities and promul-



Shoemuth (above); Mayne (top-right); Silverman; Landlords are hamstringing

ing a lucrative business by selling a blacklist. Now the list has attracted the attention of the Ontario ministry of consumer and commercial relations, which has the power to thwart Shoemuth's plan. Explains Assistant Registrar Bill Goodland: "If one of the landlords is keeping the list and the others enjoy what's on that list, then the list-keeper is acting as a consumer reporting agency and must be registered." He says one of the precepts of registration is to allow tenants access to the list. "Furthermore," he adds, "the keeping of a list without supporting documents for identification purposes is totally ridiculous because you may turn down a good tenant with the same name as a blacklisted tenant."

The landlords, in turn, argue that they are the real victims of discrimination—that the law is pro-tenant and the court remedies are too long and expensive. In Ontario, the grounds for a re-

voke include moral arrears, damage to the premises and imperiling the safety of other tenants. But evictions can take up to six months, causing an accumulation of lost revenue, and legal costs of up to \$800.

This is also the major complaint of the Manitoba Landlords' Association (MLA), and it, too, is demanding guaranteed rent payments. Like Shoemuth's group, the MLA operates a tenant rating system with more than 4,000 names as file, half of them alleged delinquent tenants. President Sidney Silverman says that the MLA has started the problem of registering this system as a credit agency by saying that it's an informal operation and allows tenants access to their files for a \$2 fee.

Shoemuth's position, however, does not enjoy full support from all landlords' associations in Canada. Jack



Hayes, executive director of the British Columbia Council of B.C., recalls that two years ago the council rebuffed an attempt to set up a blacklist system. "We will not have any sort of any blacklist system," says Hayes. "There are too many questions to be asked before we move, and in fact that's what we use."

In the meantime, a legitimate complaint against the OLA could set off prosecution by the ministry which might result in costly fines and jail terms for those involved. As well, proposed amendments to the Ontario Human Rights Code, which will probably be passed after the provincial election this month, will prohibit discrimination by source of income—further isolating the association. This will come as a blow to Shoemuth, who estimates the list has helped reduce tenant delinquency by 62 per cent. Warns Shoemuth ironically: "There's a war on. Someone's got to get hurt."

A feast of that good old humble pie

THE COMPANY OF WOMEN

by Mary Gordon
(Random House, \$26.95)

Mary Gordon has been learning the art of negotiating. The fabric is new and occasionally grainy, big, brilliant flowers, but the structure is solid, old-fashioned—that is, comfortable structure, the woman's novel. This wouldn't be anything to complain about (there is a demerol, far-reaching need for amnesia) but for it being a betrayal of gifts. Gordon's first novel, *Final Page*,

ordinary happiness. Their lives are like sales of disaster and peopled about at the beauty parlor and cigarette smoke and laughter. Charlotte, the dear soul, each a practical woman, had to work all her life because the lost Frank, poor thing, six months after Felicitas was born. New Elizabeth, her husband was a dead-drunk and then you know her little boy died, but she's still just a southern belle, her head in the clouds. Marie, she's an old spinster as bitter as gooseberry pie, and always thinking wistful thoughts. "It was blood then meant when they told women. She could

mean to learn what men do to women, not the workings of a unique soul. So Felicitas drops Greek for political science and immediately falls in love ("This is divine, she thought, staring") with her gorgeous but truly stupid professor ("God, how I wish I'd been born Third World," he says) who has his own little hippie harem of female virgins (a low-comedic version of Cyrillus's for symmetry's sake) and not only breaks her heart but gets her pregnant. And there she is, Felicitas, who should be making her mark out there demonstrating with the other anti-Vietnam protesters, going home in shame to her man and the woman and Cyrillus. "She was helpless before history, she was helpless before the condition of her own body. She wondered if she should stop the job and join the marchers. But there was no place for her among them. She was going to have a child."

The *Company of Women* masquerades as a novel about God and love and hard truths, but its veins are like bones on a shabby parcel. What it teaches is a sobering humility. Don't try, it says, just sit still, feeling those little beads of misery and estropian, in luxurious unhappiness. Felicitas returns to live among the people who raised her, her child now their hope, resuming herself, "And I go on... I do less harm than good." Elizabeth prays, "Let them stay as they are." From Charlotte, "Considering what people put up with, we could do a lot worse." And even Cyrillus, the fierce, anarchic seeker after God's love, has come to terms: "I have had to learn ordinary happiness, and from ordinary happiness, the first real peace of my life, my life which I had wanted full of splendor." Merry, poor another slice of that nice humble pie. It goes so well with coffee with the girls.

—ANNE COLLINS

Conned into a state of despair

CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT

by William S. Burroughs
(Dell, Bantam & Winston, \$19.95)

A bandon hope all who enter here. Proceed at a slow insect crawl, and feelers out and waving. Cast aside conventional wisdom—what the reader should do, what the writer should do, who sees what to whom. For William S. Burroughs, as he has told us

Not every fluid handling device is made by Emco.

To a lot of people in the financial world, Emco is known primarily as a company that manufactures a variety of plumbing supplies.

That we do manufacture Delta washdown faucets for the plumbing industry, along with diverter faucets for the burgeoning "do-it-yourself" market, welding fittings, and even in-ground lawn sprinkler systems. But times have changed and now Emco has taken on a whole new dimension. Our diversification policy has made us one of the world's leading suppliers of specialized equipment used in the oil and petrochemical industries for the loading and unloading of energy products. If you take a closer look at Emco, you'll find many products associated with the petroleum and petrochemical industries. Products such as service station nozzles, fuel lading systems, tank truck loading assemblies, marine loading arms for the transfer of a super tanker's liquid cargo, vapor recovery systems, quick release couplings and specialty valves.

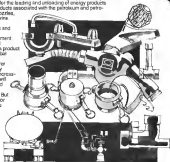
The world market for Emco's tank truck loading equipment is growing. Now there are large semi-trailers and underground storage tanks in the Emco product line—a product line that continues to grow in depth as rapidly as the global market for Emco's products expands.

In 1948, Emco became the first Canadian manufacturer of valves, regulators and fittings for the propane industry. As this abundant domestic source of energy becomes increasingly attractive to both industry and government, Emco will play an even more important role in the manufacture and distribution of propane equipment.

Not every type of fluid handling device is made by us. But the fact is, Emco's is engaged as one of the world's major suppliers of equipment used in the petroleum industry is transfer crude oil and refined petroleum products.

EMCO

Our success flows from many directions.



events, precious some risk-taking, some irrelevant insights about men, women, God, priests, Catholics and women's needs. Here, Gordon has willfully struggled her chaotic talents to have sentences like these: "Rarely all women are being knowing the men they love could kill them in a minute... that we are always in peril. This is the noise of our desire for obedience, of the inherited mask... for giving it."

That is Felicitas talking at the end of the novel, chastised and wearing the veil of sanctimonious female sorrow Felicitas in the heart of the book, the young girl at the center of the lives of no fewer than five other women, the last hope, too, of Cyrillus, their disarming priest and mentor. These women and spinsters have been cheated of

imagine in her body a dry eye of blood, like the juice on the plate around meat that had been left out." No space is left unfilled in these characterizations as long as Gordon can find a victim under it.

It is interesting (in the way it is interesting to watch a ship slowly sink) to see how readily she sells her characters out for the sake of convention. At 14, in Part 1 of the book, Felicitas is the beloved of all these eyes, a little tough, a little spoiled, above all smart. She talks theology with Cyrillus, knows her Latin and her God, knows above all else that she is not ordinary and does not desire to be. Part 2 set in 1948 with Felicitas at Columbia in New York City, should see this charmed creature unleashed upon the world, but no, what we've

Here's one for the book of records.

Building a mineral processing plant is a monumental project. Building it for a newly discovered Canadian mine that's nearly 5,000 kilometres away adds a special dimension. But when that's 6,000 kilometres land directly toward the North Pole, you've got a serious problem on your hands.



So, how do you solve it?

If you're really ingenious you build one of the world's largest floating basements—construct a 28-metre tall building on it...and tow the whole thing down the St. Lawrence River, around the coast of Labrador

and into the Arctic Circle. Then you position it along the shoreline...build a dike around it and drain the water.

Well! You're on the site of the world's most northerly mine.

Believe it or not, the idea works. The 138-metre long steel barge is already

complete and the plant is now being assembled on it. By this fall it'll be on its way. It's a story of Canadian ingenuity we thought you should know.

As the world's largest floating basement, it's a record.

We thought you should know.

THE MINING ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

Won't you plant hope in the heart of a child?

For just \$25.00 a month, you or your group can give a needy child and his family overseas the vital necessities of life and the precious gift of hope. Please, share your love. Send your help now.

Call toll free anytime
1-(800)-268-7174

In British Columbia, 172-(800)-268-7174

Information will be sent immediately or fill in the coupon below



PLAN

POSTER PARENTS PLAN OF CANADA

I want to be a Foster Parent to a boy ☐ girl ☐ age ☐
country ☐ or where the need is greatest ☐
I enclose my first payment of \$25.00 Monthly ☐ \$60.00 Quarterly ☐
\$150.00 Semi-Annually ☐ \$275.00 Annually ☐
I can't become a Foster Parent right now, however I enclose my contribution of \$ ☐ Please send me more information ☐ Tel No ☐
Name
Address

City Province Code
I wish communication with PLAN to be in English ☐ French ☐
PLAN operates in Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, El Salvador, Egypt, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, India, Indonesia, Italy, Nepal, Nicaragua, Peru, Sri Lanka, Thailand, Sri Lanka, the Sudan and Upper Volta. Foster Parents Plan of Canada is a charity registered in Canada. Canadian organizations by the Federal Government. Contributions are tax deductible.

9/18/82

PLAN

repeatedly and demonstrated to the point of nausea in his novels. "Nothing is true. Everything is permitted."

For a time you will forget this warning. The beginning of *Cities of the Red Night* tells you into a comfortable, seduced sense of security. Why, this is a thriller about an ancient plague that is wiping out mankind, a mutating virus that is the heritage of an impossible crime in the Gobi desert destroyed in a hundred-thousands-of-years-old nuclear disaster. True, there is something kind of weird about it (the virus, which has truly awful sexual symptoms, is called "the human virus", everyone is drug-addicted and/or homosexual), but there are easily identifiable good guys and bad guys. Burroughs, at 61, must have reckoned age has melted some of the dry ice on his spine. This is still the Naked Lunch vision ("that frozen moment when everyone sees what is on the end of every fork") but he seems to be offering us, at last, a way to digest.

His law is the notion of atonement—William Burroughs, the most wicked artist of the 20th century, playing at saving grace. His starting point is the "retrograde Drip" of a real 19th-century pirate, Captain Mison, who founded a colony called Libertaria on the coast of Mississippi where men at odds with the world could come to live under a set of articles that guaranteed them freedom, from debt and slavery, freedom of religion and from the "tyranny of government." Captain Mison, of course, was killed, his articles being too unrealistic for ruling powers, but



Burroughs: only one drug he can't score

Burroughs resurrects him in the body of a garage owner Captain Snake and his army of homosexual boozers, rewrites, all other things and endlessly worse.

The exploits of Snake and crew are told in the before-the-end-style diary of one of the boy warriors, Nash Slave, a gunsmith who invents a firebreath-essenceball that gives the guerrillas the edge over the Spaniards in freeing North America from colonial rule. Intertwined with the boys' war is a parallel narrative set in the '70s, a detective story starring Glen Bende, the "private asshole" (who popped up in earlier novels). He has been hired to find two missing boys and discover instead the virus and a cult of bad actors—philosophers, lustre, murderers and kangaroos. With neo-noir-detective sleight of hand, the villains grow from century to century and both Snake and the boy army are out to get them. This is a zany, zany war, like one conducted against cockroaches, and all the structural signs of the detective novel and the boys' adventure story allow the reader to think that justice will be done. Quite deliberately, Burroughs sets us up as happy warriors in a just war—the better to manipulate us into a monstrous state of despair. For in the last third, the book itself gets infected with the virus as the narrative explodes into pieces and all the characters meet

in the time-warped Cities of the Red Night. In the stranglings, stabbings, hangings, expulsions and riots of the cities, there are no good guys or bad guys, only people afflicted with varying degrees of the power disease. Nothing is true. Everything is permitted.

Burroughs leaves us where he always has—helplessly disgusted with self, with society, with the urge to consume, the need to dominate or be enslaved. We may be able to fend him off with the tailored veneer of humanism, a belief in love, in community. Burroughs can't find refuge. The image that haunts him is the organ of the hanged man, the last spasm of the body as the neck is broken. Public execution is hence of the final sexual frenzy of the dying in the major spectator sport in the cities, all noses as neckties are all the rape. For Burroughs, prostitution and the trappings of love are turned into the drops of the terminally death-addicted life waits out of his body because it cannot master, subjects us to the power struggle of us, to fear and the need to rescue through drugs, gods, tyrants. For Burroughs there can be no hope, no community of man, no happy ending, unless there is biological mutation. Better mutation than the hard discipline of an selfish love. Love in the end, Burroughs doesn't know how to score.

—ANNE COLLINS

MACLEAN'S BESTSELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Greatcoat, Maclean (1)*
- 2 *The Key to Rebecca, Pollock (3)*
- 3 *Come Over the Water, Freeman (7)*
- 4 *Firestorm, King (2)*
- 5 *The Ghost of Adam, Sturgeon (1)*
- 6 *X-13, Gendreau (5)*
- 7 *Rage of Angels, Strickon (3)*
- 8 *Atchafalaya, MacLean (5)*
- 9 *Answer to a Man, Caldwell (3)*
- 10 *Valent in Time, MacLennan (8)*

Nonfiction

- 1 *Critical Inventory, Clegg (7)*
- 2 *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide, Ziemer (5)*
- 3 *The Northern Mages, Clegg (3)*
- 4 *Compass, Sagan (5)*
- 5 *The Chinese, Fraser (1)*
- 6 *The Coming Currency Collapse, Smith (7)*
- 7 *The Heroes of Canada, 1812-1912, Benton (8)*
- 8 *The Little Man, Sagan (5)*
- 9 *The Montreal Canadiens, Maclean (8)*
- 10 *The Last Man, Derrin (5)*

(1) Fiction best seller

A hotel that calls itself a castle promises much more than just a place to sleep the night.

Have a good night with Hilton.



Toronto Hilton
The Hardcore Castle

For reservations call your Travel Agent, any Hilton or Chateau, or Hilton Reservations Service

Toddlers to the stars

In their second year, the *Genie* Awards went as smoothly as a marble across ice, edging winners of last year's dalliances with bad taste and seemingly endless outbursts. During last week's presentations at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre before an audience that had paid an arm and a leg for the privilege, the tone was subdued and the lack there *Seneca* business, no puffery and not much excitement either. However, Canada's *Genies* were attempting advanced baby steps and, after the tentative and rubber-legged nature of its first year, it was good to see a show turned out this professionally, if not so sparkingly.

In addition to a change of tone, there was a welcome change of attitude. *Les Bons Débarres*, a small and fine French-Canadian film dealing with the relationship between a single mother and her daughter, swept up eight



awards. As well as best picture, it was recognition for its director, Francis Mackway, for its lead actress, Marie Tifo, and for its music and elaborate script by Rikman Dufourme. The feeling seemed to be that *Les Bons Débarres* was an act of atonement by the voting members of the Academy of Canadian Cinema for slapping French-Canadian films last year; it would be nicer, and perhaps even more accurate, to think that the academy's priorities are in the right place and that years for *Débarres* were voted for quality. This, as an expensive production with three major American stars, matched it with 12 nominations but won only one award, for Jack Lemmon as best foreign actor.

Of the five films nominated for best picture, *Twelve* had the distinction of

Peacocke (top), Mackway's middle-class Montrealer and 'Gibbians' actress Charlotte Laurier (above): professional if not sparkling show

being the only one given a major review. Though the academy's rules had been sharpened this year (to be eligible movies had to have had at least one week's run in Toronto or Montreal or in two of the following cities: Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton or Vancouver), the problem still remains that most Canadians know very little about the films being reviewed. Thomas Pasche, accepting the best actor award for *The Rooms of Notre Dame*, which had been seen only in the West, complained with every justification at his disposal that

he had played a Canadian hero, Ben-Kathleen's Piers Murray, and hardly anyone had seen him. And who had seen the durable Keir Red (best supporting actor) in *Atlantic City* (*De l'air*) (*Le City Star*, which took three awards)?

Harmony may have been the governing emotion after all the hype of past years there weren't all that many films in competition. At the awards themselves, there was no return of stars. Red, Lancaster, Susan Sheridan and Pierre Trudeau were left hanging up the front pews. The evening's best, tall-show queen Brian Leacock, didn't feel the need to apologize for anything at all, though he easily could have for the spunky opening production number whose intent may have eluded the majority of these viewers. The show was all very streamlined, very polite, only on the one and a half boring, yet a necessary step in the *Genies'* evolution.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

The perversities of hell-bent love

THE PORTMAN ALWAYS

REINGS TWICE

Directed by Rob Rafelson

Bob Rafelson's remake of James M. Cain's tight-lipped melodrama, *The Portman Always Rings Twice*, is the best American movie made in years. In this new look at Cain's rape-grabbing story of the two obsessive, murderous lovers, the inmates are made to breathe and the perversities of hell-bent love are given a tragic respect. In *Portman* Rafelson achieves a lyricism, not just through form, but through character. It's a quality a handful of movies have had (*Lawrence of Arabia* and *The Godfather* come to mind) you can almost feel the characters breathing on you. Frank (Jack Nicholson) and Cora (Jessica Lange) are brought so close to us that some may want to recoil. We begin to share their intimacy, which is carnal, caring and reliable.

Frank Chambers is a Depression drifter and a man who has already done time—a real mistake. Nicholson moves his pained eyes as though he has shed them every day. Cora, who is young and pretty, is married to the older Nick (John Colicos), a Greek immigrant and real-life house owner, and she too has been doing time. She tolerates Nick (who likes to get slapped to enjoy his wife) but she's repulsed by him physically. When Frank takes a job as a mechanic at Nick's, he and Cora happen upon the missing element in their lives—passion—and they don't know how to deal with the ramifications it will have in one of the most sensationally erotic

scenes ever filmed, they lounge at each other the first chance they get on a table where Cora has been baking bread and now furiously unites herself with Frank. The scene has a pagan, animal feror that doesn't even surface in hard-core movies, and it adds an intensity to their later encounters. Their emotions become deluged—runaway drives—and they plan Nick's murder to have each other.

Above all, *Portman* is a great, troubled love story, but it needs a director to go all the way with it. Rafelson, best known for *Five Easy Pieces*, and his screenwriter, playwright David Mamet, in melodrama and, wisely, have set the scene in the Depression period of the novel, unlike the 1946 version with John Garfield and Lana Turner. Frank and Cora are so wrapped up in each other that, on trial for the murder, they have

and it drives them to kill. Nicholson and Lange (who was Dwan in the remake of *King Kong*) give smiling performances, they seem to know every such of each other. And Rafelson uses visual means to convey how they feel: Cora, in a postcard scene, casually goes to open the fridge door and misses the handle because she can't take her eyes away from Frank. *Portman* has a movie made such economical visual design and yet seemed so generous. Steve Nykvist, Ingmar Bergman's photographer, chooses the California Depression wasteland in subdued earth tones where the flash of neon or a patch of greenery comes through like a scream. George Jenkins' production design tells, subtly, how the characters live, and what they feel by how they choose to live. There's a love-feeding in *The Portman Always Rings Twice*—the bedsheets several days old. You can nearly smell these people.



Nicholson and Lange: an intensity that is carnal, caring and reliable

been ignorant of a \$10,000 life insurance policy Nick has taken out. No longer is Nick a doddering old fool like Cecil Kellaway in the 1946 version, either instead there's Colicos, who is splendid, as an early, well-meaning immigrant, and the crime takes on a greater poignancy.

The poignancy of Frank's and Cora's relationship is that they have never known anything to match what they now know with each other. Rafelson gives us an emotional experience of the "muted lights" Stella sees with Stanley in *A Woman Named Desire*. Their need for each other equals their desire,

To get as close as he can to Cain's laconic, two-dial prose style, Rafelson often shoots in extreme close-up. The movie is a new step forward, it works by dynamic, transfixing detail. When Frank and Cora have engineered Nick's murder and they're on an embankment at night, the car with Nick in it flashes its bloody lights, poised to go over a cliff. Terrified and ecstatic, having reached each other up to make it look good, they begin to make love. Passion in *Portman* is a conspiracy—a shared sin. We watch, appalled, and eager to watch some more. The movie makes the best use of depicting why two people—sensibly, emotionally, psychologically—keep going as far as they do.

—L.O.T.

Our friendly old lady may save your little old life.

Thousands of lives are threatened by accidents every day. It's a tragedy that can be avoided. You can save your life by getting a car seat for your child. It's a tragedy that can be avoided. You can save your life by getting a car seat for your child.



Remember to look for the car seat label. It's the only way to be sure you're getting a car seat that's safe. It's the only way to be sure you're getting a car seat that's safe.

Your No. 1 Account

16%

- High credit interest rates
- Flexible terms
- No credit limit
- No fees or charges
- No minimum payment
- Fully insured

we also offer you

- 12% - on 6 months' notice
- 10% - on 3 months' notice
- 9% - on demand



Form with fields for Name, Address, City, and Country, and a section for account details.

Beginnings of a tag-team match

Hag and Trudeau might tangle while the new boy and the old actor watch

By Allan Fotheringham

There was a very telling moment when President Renee Reagan stood in his football-studded suit before the joint session of the House of Commons and Senate. He came to a section of his text that had been rewritten by hand, paused, stammered, fumbled about searching for words. While the entire chamber fell—a heart attack?—and a funny feel came over the press gallery and Nancy Reagan looked up at him in consternation and sympathy, the most powerful man in the world was clearly flustered and miserably found some disconnected words before letting loose sailing once again in the typewritten text. The suspicion was confirmed: the old actor is at home with a script, a proponent of a script. He is a superb television performer in an age when politicians demand that (kiss there, Joe Clark)—as long as that previous Tele-Footer never shows a golden. Every time he stands up before a microphone and stumbles—there will be that nice crash and fear running through an audience.

The consolation (the consolation?) that our master in the speech is not such fragile hands comes with the first sight of General Alexander Hag, a man of almost frightening self-assurance. Here is the new secretary of state at the National Arts Centre for the gala-sports, sequined and winged, by the way—presented for the Reagan-Shower than assumed, briding in black tie. Hag does not walk so much as he surges, head thrust forward, thick neck, resembling a bull moose on the prowl. The giant fak of hairy Secret Services men form a symmetrical wall behind him, wearing sharply as he wears sharply off to the side—only to discover the intense chair smolder is headed for a receptacle to dump his butt.

General Alexander Hags Hag Jr. is the bad cop to the amiable 70-year-old good cop who wants to run the U.S. as a back character of the best. Hag's Allen Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

ambition and aggression shone through the Ottawa talks. "He makes Patton," said one of his men in Vietnam, "look like a peasant." Democratic Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts at first opposed the confirmation of Hag as Reagan's secretary of state because of his Watergate background, but in the end he concluded "He will use this talent to dominate this administration."

What is so intriguing about this to Canadians is how we differ in our approach to foreign relations. Oppor-



Hag at these talks, a grey shadow behind the grey bull moose, was the gentle Mark MacGugan, Prince Edward Island-born, a man who was a member of the Special Committee on Hate Propaganda at a time when Hag was attempting to emulate Douglas MacArthur in his service to the military pecking order. Mark MacGugan could not come from a more opposite background. Sea of a P.E.I. Supreme Court justice, Dr. MacGugan has six degrees collected in his journey through St. Dunstan's University in Charlottetown, University of Toronto, Osgoode Hall and Columbia University. Hag rubbed a rather casual 24th out of \$100 in his West Point graduating class. Dr. MacGugan's career has been spent in such causes as the World Federation and the John Howard Society for rehabilitation of prisoners. Hag once reached out of a Vietnam intelligence "to snuff up" a suspected Vietnamese prisoner—who promptly blew himself up with a grenade, almost taking out Hag's eye. He

was nearly killed by a terrorist bomb in Belgium when he was NATO boss. MacGugan has spent his entire life as a student, law professor or in the House of Commons—unwieldy by outside life. Hag, until tapped for secretary of state, earned a salary and bonuses of \$1 million as president of United Technologies Corp.

One could not, even with aid of computer, devise two more unlikely substitutes. Hag, as the product of King's

College, is a man who has been in the Soviet Union wants to conquer the world. He is fond of stating, "If you know everything I know, you'd agree with everything I'm about to say." No one in Ottawa is quite sure why MacGugan, after being steadfastly avoided by Pierre Trudeau in cabinet—selecting over 12 years, was plucked from his low-key obscurity to fill such a crucial post. The Trudeau-crats explain that the newly reappointed prime minister—knowing this would be his last term and his last chance for a new preference in foreign policy—asked his thinkers to come up with someone who could be seen as a

fresh face with no previous philosophical entanglements. The genius got MacGugan was found. When he was phoned with the news that Trudeau wanted him as external affairs minister, MacGugan—according to a reader—"almost fainted." One suspects that the fit, with his newfound enthusiasm for March-South and Third World problems, was not an innocent rare boy in the job essentially as a messenger boy while Trudeau, with all these trips abroad and his hating of the Big Seven summit in Ottawa in July, plans to be his own external affairs minister.

There is another suspicion. Hag was made in Ottawa last week of how, surprisingly, the intellectual Trudeau and the general old actor got along. Hag was made of how the gang-bro Hag and the pacifist MacGugan survived. One would suggest that when things get hot, the real showdown on U.S.-Canada relations will be between Hag and Trudeau. That would be worth a ringside seat.

IMPORTED

MICHELLO
BEER • BIÈRE

5% alc./vol.

An unexpected pleasure.



NOW IN CANADA...

The special taste of Michelob.

End a party with the smooth, mellow taste of Michelob. It's naturally since 1919, with only the most delicate European hops and the finest barley malt, for you, your good friends and those special occasions.

If it was just an ordinary whisky...
we would have put it in an ordinary bottle.



With the one-step
twist off gold cap.



Carrington

A mellow fully aged whisky with a smooth light, out of the ordinary taste.